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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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THE POQUIOCK BRIDGE ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEAR WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
(Mr. L. Allison, photo.)



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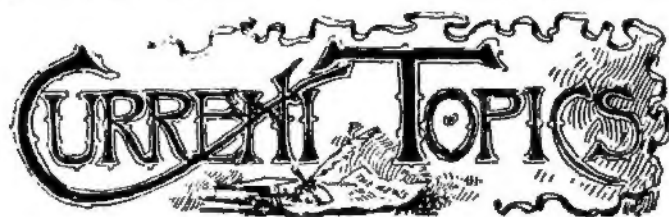
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## The Premier.

It is difficult for non-residents to imagine the strength and depth of the wave of heartfelt sorrow that swept over the Canadian people when the news was flashed last Friday night to all parts of the Dominion that SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD had been stricken down with a fatal blow, and that his death was but a question of a few hours. The hours have slowly lengthened into days; and, while we write, the grim battle goes on. On one side our country's best friend; on the other slow but inevitable Death; while the whole nation watches the struggle with an intensely deep and mournful interest. Every human probability indicates but one termination to the fight; and in spite of the gleams of hope which remain so long as life exists, the almost inevitable conviction that such a termination must speedily come, has, we sincerely believe, spread a sense of sorrow in the heart of every true Canadian, regardless of creed, nationality or party.

## Carry High the Colours.

The vague idea held by not a few persons that the elimination of SIR JOHN MACDONALD from Canadian politics, and the direction of the ship of state by another hand, will lead to a general weakening of the ties that bind us to Great Britain, is presumably due to the exaggerated views ascribed to the Liberal party in the late political campaign. That such an idea is held by quite a number, considering the recrimination indulged in by the party press, is not to be wondered at; but at the same time the fact should cause the widest publicity to a denial of the existence of any grounds for such a belief. Against the few extreme Radicals who uphold such sentiments is opposed the great body of the Canadian people. The efforts of the former will doubtless be redoubled at what they consider a fatal breach in the constitutional ranks; but they will find the falsity of their calculations. The death of the old chief will, there is every reason to believe, bring out prominently the necessity of all upholders of the great national principles working in greater unison and with more dependence on each other than has hitherto been the case. It is essential at this juncture to carry high the colours of British connection, fiscal autonomy, and opposition to degrading alliances with foreign powers. There should be no party feeling on such a policy; such sentiments are national and patriotic, and not political. Too long already has the insignificant foreign and annexationist element in Canada been suffered to talk treason through their two or three newspaper organs, which make up in presumption and insolence what they lack in influence and respectability, and which doubtless rejoice at the death of the Premier; journals which oppose every measure tending to develop national sentiment, decrying the country on all possible occasions, sneering at our constitution and government,

and extolling to a degree the institutions of the Republic. A persistent boycotting of such papers in every particular might have an excellent effect; they would probably pose as martyrs, but the number of their sympathizers would be limited, as before, to that petty coterie of pessimists who unfortunately see fit to make Canada their home. The duty of the hour, in view of the great loss the country has sustained, is to close the ranks and fight the patriotic fight with aggressiveness and vigour; to carry the war into the enemy's country, and crush out to as great a degree as possible whatever and whoever are misleading people on this vital question. Every nation of to-day possesses elements of similar disorder, so that its existence here is nothing extraordinary, and in no way reflects on the country generally; but that is no reason why a determined effort should not be made to clear Canada of the stain, in view of the exceptionally free and superior system of government she possesses.

## The Sunday Observance Bill.

It would be difficult to invent a measure that would make Sunday and everything relating to the day more cordially detested than the Bill entitled "An Act to Secure the Better Observance of the Lord's Day," read in the House on the 6th and 7th ult. Not one of its eleven preliminary clauses but contains a distinct attack on individual liberty, and as such, would be an anything but creditable addition to the Statute Book. It is practically a dictation as to how one is to spend his only day of leisure, as scarcely a single method which a man ordinarily employs to pass that day is untouched by this remarkable attempt at legislation. It seems unnecessary to point out that while it is universally admitted that Christianity in the past hundred years has made enormous progress, and in infinitely greater proportion than the increase in the nominally Christian population would alone warrant, the degree of Sunday observance has been greatly relaxed from what was customary—in many cases even imperative—a century ago; the two have run almost concurrently—religious belief gained ground as the strictness of Sabbath-keeping became less. A line has of course to be drawn in Christian communities, whereby a certain degree of sanctity and peace is preserved on the Lord's day, by the non-allowance of theatricals, public performances and shows, and other affairs of a noisy and disturbing nature; but to make it a legal offence to do anything in connection with one's business or to engage in a little harmless recreation is a distinct interference with personal liberty, and should not be tolerated. The universal tendency of the present day is in the other direction, making Sunday a day of recreation and improvement in material as well as in spiritual matters.

## Note Extension of Time in PRIZE COMPETITION.

### Literary Competition.

The Publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED offer the sum of \$130 in four prizes for short stories from Canadian writers—

1st prize.....	\$60
2nd ".....	40
3rd ".....	20
4th ".....	10

On the following conditions:

- 1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st August next.
  - 2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words.
  - 3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.
  - 4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.
  - 5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.
  - 6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.
- THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,  
Publishers "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED,"  
Montreal.

# The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

## QUESTIONS.

FIFTH SERIES.

- 25.—Quote where it is stated that a certain prominent literary society held a session during the summer of 1890?
- 26.—Where is mention made of a fire in St. Johns, Que., in the 18th century?
- 27.—In what building in Montreal was H.M. 39th Regiment quartered after the Crimean war? Quote the sentence.
- 28.—Where is mention made of a tobacco pouch being made out of human skin?
- 29.—Quote a few lines by Thackeray, unpublished until very recently?
- 30.—In what one sentence is mention made of three prominent Nova-Scotians?

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 152 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March, April and May.





**J. DOUGLAS HAZEN, ESQ., M.P. FOR ST. JOHN, N.B.**  
Mover of the Address in the House of Commons.

### Mr. J. Douglas Hazen, M.P.

Among the new members of the Parliament of Canada, the man who thus far has impressed the house and the country most forcibly is Mr. J. Douglas Hazen, M.P., one of the representatives of St. John, N.B., and the mover of the address in reply to the speech from the throne. The press of both political parties has spoken in the most complimentary terms of Mr. Hazen's maiden effort as a parliamentary speaker, and there appears to be a unanimous opinion that he is the sort of man to make his influence felt as time goes on. The fact that he led the poll in St. John is ample evidence of his popularity in that city, though he has resided there little more than two years. Mr. Hazen comes of a family prominently identified with the early history of New Brunswick. He formerly resided in Fredericton, and was for two years mayor of that city. He is a graduate of the New Brunswick University, of which he was registrar for some years prior to his removal to St. John. Mr. Hazen has taken an active interest in politics ever since attaining his majority, having stumped York County in the interests of the Conservative candidate, now Mr. Justice Fraser, as far back as 1882. He is now a member of the well known St. John law firm of Straton & Hazen. A young man, being only about 30 years of age, of genial yet commanding presence, fluent in speech yet strongly argumentative, and possessing a well stored mind and well trained faculties, Mr. Hazen may fairly be expected to become a leading figure in his native province, if not in-

deed in the wider sphere to which his talents and personal popularity have lately raised him.

### The Royal Naval Exhibition, London.

This magnificent exhibition of relics and appliances connected with the naval history of Great Britain was opened a few weeks ago in London with much state, Her Majesty in person taking part in the initial ceremonies. From the enormous collection of interesting mementoes, paintings, arms, and models, it promises to be the event of the season, and has been patronized by thousands of visitors of all classes of the people. In our limited space it is impossible to begin to enumerate the articles on exhibition; they have been prepared and collected for many months past, and comprise not only the relics and models preserved from time to time by the Government and naval authorities, but a vast number of articles loaned by private parties throughout the Kingdom. Apart from the interest it will naturally possess for the visitor, the sight of such a collection of mementoes of the old fighting days when St. George's Cross swept every sea, cannot fail to revive patriotic impulses; and as the profits are to be devoted to the relief of the destitute families of men of the Royal Navy who have died on foreign service, two valuable ends will be attained by the Exhibition. We reproduce from the *Graphic* three views of relics possessing special interest for all of British blood: they recall our thoughts to Trafalgar, the last fight of the immortal Nelson.

### The Yeomen of the Guard.

To many Canadians, this picturesque corps is known only through the medium of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. The yeoman of to-day differs but little in uniform from his prototype in the opera; he is one of the many survivals of the olden days still to be seen in England, and which help to make that country so attractive to visitors from this side of the Atlantic. We reproduce from the *Graphic* a view of a detachment of these sturdy custodians of the Tower marching up to St. James Palace, preparatory to doing duty at a levee held by the Sovereign. The corps is the oldest in H. M. service, having been instituted in Tudor days; they form part of Her Majesty's body guard, and are always under the command of a peer, the Earl of Limerick being the present chief. Lieut.-Col. Sir Gustavus Hume is second in command.

Poets are born, not made. Hence the usually prosaic character of the self made man.—*Puck*.

Putting in His Time.—First Reporter: Had any assignment to day?

Second Reporter: Yes, I had a funeral two hours long.

First Reporter—Two hours! I should think it would have worn you out.

Second Reporter—Oh, I don't mind it; I wrote up my joke column.—*Boston Courier*.





"As she watched it from the dining-room window."

## THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

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### CHAPTER XV.—COUSINS.

It was a pretty picture. Mrs. Geoffrey thought so as she watched it from the dining-room window at the farm. Right in the middle of the thick pines the old swing, which Rachel herself had loved in her baby days, held two occupants—a tall, slim, fair-haired boy, with a refined, delicate face, and a bonnie, red-cheeked, plump little girl, with hair and eyes as dark as sloes. They were standing together on the wooden seat of the swing, with arms intertwined, holding on as best they might to the rope on either side. The colour was ruddy in the lad's fair face, and Evelyn's dark locks tossed in the wind, and she gave a shriek of delight when Clement, with a stronger shove than usual, sent them up nearly to the topmost bough.

"Another! Clem, it's lovely," cried Evelyn, in her sweet shrill voice. "Isn't it splendid, Will?"

"That's ten turns; two more, and we'll let the cat die," said Clem, in his matter-of-fact way. "Don't you think a pair of you are rather heavy on a fellow's arms?"

"Yes, it's a shame, let's die now, Evy, and then we'll give Clem one."

"Oh, no, thanks. I can send myself up to that high branch. It's rather slow fun any way; and it must be nearly tea time."

Mrs. Geoffrey watched the happy group for a few moments with a curiously tender smile on her

face. But it grew graver again, and she presently went out of doors and sauntered across the lawn to the swing.

"Here's mother. Want a swing, mother? It's no end jolly. I've been pushing these two great lazy things ever so long," cried Clem. "Isn't it near tea time?"

"Not for half-an-hour. I came to tell you, Will, that I saw your mother driving up the copse road; will she not be looking for you soon?"

"Oh, I don't think so, Aunt Rachel. She never expects me in the drawing-room to tea, and it's hours till dinner," returned the lad. "Mayn't I stay to tea here? It's so jolly."

"Clem and Evy think it is jolly to have you I don't doubt," returned his aunt, with a smile. "But——"

"You don't mind, auntie?" asked the lad, hastily. "You're always so kind."

"I love you, Will," she answered, in a curious, still voice, and laid her hand a moment on his tall shoulder.

His grey eyes met that tender, motherly gaze with a passionate light in them. It is no exaggeration to say that the young Squire of Studleigh loved his aunt with a most reverent devotion, and she was worthy of it. She looked so gracious, so calm, so sweet, as she stood by his side in her soft, black gown, looking at him with that unspeakable tender-

ness to which he was a stranger at home. The Portmayne creed taught that any exhibition of passion or emotion was undignified, and perfectly unnecessary in all relations of life. It did not forbid affection, only required that it should never be paraded, either in public or private. The hungry heart of William Ayre's boy had gone out most passionately towards the kindred at Pine Edge, whom his mother despised. He was beginning vaguely to understand some things. He knew that the visits to the farm, the brightest spots in his own existence, did not give pleasure to his mother, though she had not as yet forbidden him. He had never yet dared to ask why there was such a gulf fixed between the manor and the farm, nor why neither aunt nor cousins were ever on any pretence invited to Studleigh. He pondered these things constantly in his heart, and had often been on the point of questioning his mother, but she never gave him the slightest encouragement to speak of his relatives, and he knew, by the hardening of her face and the prouder pressure of her lips, when they were mentioned, that the subject was not pleasant to her. He puzzled himself often and sorely over the matter. He could not understand any human being bearing a grudge against the sweet, loving, gracious woman who had been his Uncle Geoffrey's wife. Uncle Geoffrey was Will's hero, and Clem and he were united in one common bond of adoration for his memory. Often the two lads talked over that far-off exciting time which even to this day thrills the heart of those who read it. Rachel herself told the boy, as soon as he was able to understand it, the story of his brave father's life and death. And the bright youthful imagination had filled in the picture, and there were times when his mother's heart somewhat failed her, so ardent and unmistakeable was the bent of the boy's mind after the profession his father had so loved. He was a noble boy. As he stood leaning against the gnarled old trunk of a pine tree, with his hands in his pockets, his face flushed with his exertions, his eye glowing with the fire and spirit of youth, and tall, straight, manly for his years, he looked every inch a soldier's son. Beside him the heir of Studleigh looked even more delicate and fragile than his wont. Rachel felt the contrast, and her heart went out to him in a rush of motherly compassion and love. He was painfully like his father, and for that father's sake, if for no other, the boy must ever be dear to Rachel Ayre.

"Of course you can stay, dear, if you like. You know we like to have you, but we must not be selfish. Mamma might be vexed with us for keeping you so much here, especially as your holidays are near an end."

"Oh, I don't think mamma minds much. She says I bore her talking so much about school. Oh, Aunt Rachel, I wish you'd let Clem go to Eton this term."

"That's right, Will!" exclaimed Clem, quickly. "It just amounts to this, mother, if you had to be a boy at that poky old Grammar School at Ayreleigh you'd know the difference."

"But what would I do, Clem, without both Will and you?" asked Evelyn, with wide, reproachful eyes.

"Oh, you'd sew, and knit, and learn to be a good girl till we came back," responded Clem, with all the coolness of a big brother. "And you'd have mother."

"That is the tea-bell, children," exclaimed Mrs. Ayre. "It is later than I thought. Come, then, Willie, we can't send you off now."

It was no marvel that the lonely boy loved the homely cheer of his Aunt Rachel's table. Her children were always with her, and she made it her endeavour that the meal hours should be the brightest in the day. They dined early, and their four o'clock tea was the pleasantest meal of the day. In their grandfather's time tea had been a great institution. Often when he came in hungry from the fields it had been supplemented by cold fowl, or perhaps a dish of brook trout, or something else as tasty. Then there was always an abundance of home-made cakes and bread, sweet yellow butter, and golden honey, which the healthy young appetites caused to disappear in a marvellously short time. But though there was no formality or stiff-



ness, Rachel was most particular about the manners of the children, and had taught Clement to be courteous and attentive to herself and his sister. Wild and rollicking as he was in his play, Clement was a perfect gentleman in his manners. Rachel Ayre's face had not aged much during the last ten years, but her hair was quite grey, though still lovely and abundant. Sometimes the imaginative and sensitive lad from Studleigh looked at her in wonder, thinking of the terrible sorrows which had given to her in youth one of the first attributes of age. But the grey hair was not unbecoming; nay, it seemed to give a sweeter and more gracious dignity to her face.

Never had Will seemed more reluctant to leave the farm. He lingered about after tea was over, until the servants began to come in from the fields. Then his aunt gently reminded him that he must go.

"It is so dull at Studleigh, Aunt Rachel. I wish mamma and I lived at a farm," said the lad wistfully. "Do say you will let Clem go back to Eton with me."

"I'll think about it, dear boy. It is a great comfort to me that you and Clem are such friends. I hope this young friendship will grow stronger as the years go on."

"Oh, I am sure it will. Clem is such a splendid fellow. Why, he'd be a king at Eton. He's just the sort of chap to be that. You've no idea of it, auntie, and I'd be so proud of him."

"God bless you! You have all your father's unselfishness, Willie," returned his aunt, with eyes full of tears.

"I wish papa had lived. It would have all been so different, auntie. Mamma is so quiet and sad; she does not like me to make a noise, or even to speak much. I have been very good this recess, or I should have been sent to Grandmamma Portmayne's, as I was at Christmas. That was awful."

The boy's outspoken confidence touched Rachel as it had never done before. She understood it all so well. The young, bright, unselfish spirit they were trying to curb and to shape to their narrow creed was beginning to chafe at the restraint, and to long for all that makes early youth the sweetest possession on earth. Out of her boundless pity and love for him, she had lavished upon him more tokens of affection than she had given to her own children, because she knew he needed them more—not knowing that in thus binding the boy's heart to herself she was committing a sin in the eyes of Lady Emily, for which she would never be forgiven.

Clement and Evelyn walked, as they had so often done, half-across the park with their cousin. They knew, in a vague kind of fashion, that the haughty lady of the manor did not regard them with a friendly eye. Clem was profoundly indifferent to her, but Evelyn watched her on Sundays with great awe as she swept round the stately manor pew, admiring her beauty—as all must who looked upon it—but yet feeling in a dim childish way that something marred it—a something which made it an unspeakable comfort to look up into her own mother's serene face, and slip her hand in hers under the desk. Children are quick to discern, and their judgments are seldom at fault.

They talked so eagerly as they walked that they did not notice how near they had come to the house, until the deep, solemn boom of the gong warned them.

"That's the dressing bell; I'll need to hurry up," said Will, quickly. "Good-night, dear; good-night, Evy. Saturday afternoon then, at the Pool. I'll bring two rods, Clem, and Evy can get yours."

He stooped down and kissed Evelyn, as he had often done; then the brother and sister turned away.

From the window of her dressing-room Lady Emily saw that parting, and bit her lip. Rosanna, who was attending to her toilet, wondered what caused this angry flush to overspread the cheek of her mistress, apparently without a cause. The last two holiday times Will had been required to dine at seven o'clock with his mother, and he found the dressing and all the formality of that elaborate meal very irksome. He never demurred, however; Lady Emily had no fault to find with her son's be-

haviour, which was exemplary in every particular. Had she absolutely forbidden him to visit the farm, however much it had hurt him, she would have been obeyed. He made such haste with his dressing that he was in the drawing-room before her, and when she entered she thought how handsome he looked in his evening dress, the velvet jacket setting forth the fairness of his face. It was too fair, more like a girl's fragile loveliness than the sturdy beauty of a growing boy.

"You have lost no time, Will," she said, greeting him with a smile, for in her heart she loved him with a surpassing love. "I am sure it is not fifteen minutes since I saw you cross the park."

"No, I stayed too long. I am glad I have not kept you waiting, mamma," he said, courteously, and offered his arm to lead her to the dining-room.

Dinner at Studleigh was always a quiet and rather tedious meal, to Will at least. It was as ceremonious in every particular of service as if the long table were filled with guests; and it was always a relief to him when his mother rose.

"Come with me to the drawing-room, dear, I want to talk with you," she said, as he held open the door for her. "I don't suppose you want to sit here. Just come now."

He followed the graceful figure across the hall, thinking that the glistening black draperies seemed to add to her greater dignity and height. Will Ayre had a passionate admiration for his mother's beauty; he loved her, too, and would have poured the treasures of his boyish adoration at her feet, had she allowed it. But the same distant coldness of mien which had been wont to chill the husband now chilled the son.

"Come and sit down here, Will, opposite to me. I want to talk to you. You have been at the farm all afternoon. I saw your cousins walk over with you."

"Yes, mamma," answered the boy, eagerly, encouraged by the kindness of her voice. "Mayn't I have Clem and Evy over to spend a day here? They've been so awfully good to me; you've no idea."

"If your fondness for the place is any evidence, I don't need to be told of their goodness," she said, drily. "If you are bent on having them over, I am quite willing; but I think it right to tell you that I do not wish to continue this close intimacy at Pine Edge."

"Why not, mamma? They are my cousins, and I like them so much."

"It did not matter very much when you were quite children, Will," said his mother, calmly. "But as you grow up it must be something different. It will not be good for you nor them that you should be so intimate, because, of course, they are not your equals."

"Why, mamma, Uncle Geoff was papa's own brother."

"Yes; but his wife was only a farmer's daughter, Will; and if you associate too much with your cousin Clement, you will unfit him for the station he must fill. He must soon be working for his bread."

"Why, mother, he is going to be a soldier," cried Will. "I am quite sure Aunt Rachel has really made up her mind to send him to Eton, and, of course, he will go to Sandhurst after, and I'm sure he'll be a general in no time, he's such a splendid fellow."

Lady Emily's passionate colour rose—"Eton and Sandhurst!"

"Eton and Sandhurst."

"I thought your aunt had common sense, Will, whatever else she lacked," she said, with the haste of anger. "I see I have been mistaken."

"Mamma, I wish you would explain things to me," said the boy. "Is Aunt Rachel not a lady that you cannot ask her here, nor go to see her? I think she is nearly as lovely as you."

A slight bitter smile touched the proud mother's lips.

"Thank you for your compliment, dear. I am honoured by it. I will try to explain this to you, for I do not wish you to think me hard or unjust. It was a great mistake for your Uncle Geoffrey to marry beneath him as he did, though, of course, he

was too honourable a man to draw back. It was perhaps just as well that he died when he did."

"Mamma, didn't papa like Aunt Rachel? I think he must have been very kind to her, she talks of him so beautifully."

"Your father, dear, was too good for this world, and your Uncle Geoffrey could make him do anything. He was kind to her, and I am glad she is so grateful for it. Do you understand, Will, that it will please me very much if you are a little more reserved to your cousins, and do not go so frequently to the farm? There need be no open rupture; you can leave off gradually so as not to hurt their feelings. Believe me, when I say it will be much better for you and for them—but especially for them—that the parting should be made now. You think it hard, dear. I have long wished to speak of this, but waited until you were old enough to understand me. Some day you will know your mother was wise for you, though you do not see it now."

The boy looked troubled; nay, there was a positive pain in his eyes. A hundred questions and expostulations were on his lips, but he restrained them. He felt that his mother's decision being made, it was useless for him to protest. But, for the first time in his young life, a hot and bitter rebellion filled his soul.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—MR. GILLOT'S ERRAND.

Meanwhile the other mother and son were earnest in conversation at the farm. When Clement and his sister returned from escorting their cousin across the fields, the boy went straight to the dining-room to his mother, with a question on his lips. For the first time it had struck the happy-hearted Clement that there was something very odd and one-sided in their relationship with Will. And, as was natural to him, the thought must be spoken out at once. Candour was an essential part of Clement's character.

"Mother, why does Will come so much here, and never—never ask us to go to Studleigh? I never thought of it till now, but I think it's horrid mean when he has so many jolly things up there."

Rachel laid down her sewing and turned her large, calm eyes on her son's bright face. Of late she had had many questionings to answer, but this was a delicate ground which she had always avoided, though knowing very well it must be cleared some day. There were times when Rachel almost longed to keep her darling bairns about her knee, so that she could still their wonderings and imaginings with a kiss. But that could not be.

"I wonder, Clement, whether you are old enough to understand what I am about to say," she replied, "or if it will be wise for me to tell you just how it is."

Clement looked surprised.

"Why, yes, mother; am I awfully stupid? I always know what you mean."

"Well, dear, I must go back a little. When your father married me I was only a farmer's daughter, and Lady Emily, your Uncle William's wife, being the daughter of Lord Portmayne, did not think I was fit to be received as her equal. I cannot explain to you why, my boy. As you grow older you will learn to understand these things. They cannot be explained. I know very well, Clement, that Lady Emily does not approve of Will coming so often here, but so long as he does come, we must be kind to him—must we not, dear?"

"Of course. Will's an awfully good fellow; and I'll tell you what, mother, I'm no end sorry for him, though he is the Squire of Studleigh; for his mother isn't so jolly as ours." Clement spoke in a perfectly matter-of-fact voice; but that unstudied and loving tribute sent a thrill to the mother's heart, and she smiled; but presently her face grew graver again.

"As you grow older Clem, I fancy it will be more difficult to know just how to act towards Will and his mother."

"But mother, do you mean to say Aunt Emily thinks she is better than you?"

Honest and fiery indignation sat supreme on Clement's flushed face.

"In a sense, yes. As I said before, you will understand these distinctions only when you grow up and go into the world."



"I don't care for such distinctions, and I think she is a horrid old thing," quoth Clement, in his outspoken fashion. "Never mind, mother, you have Evy and me, and we're as jolly as we can be."

Rachel laughed outright.

"My dear, I don't mind in the least, I assure you, and I am very conscious of my blessings. I have made up my mind sitting here, Clement, that you shall go back to Eton with Will."

"Oh, mother, you *are* a brick."

There was no mistaking the heartiness of the ring which accompanied these words, and Rachel could not but be glad in her boy's gladness. And yet she knew very well that at Eton would Clement be made to feel the first sting of the difference between himself and his cousin.

"But what does Evy say to the separation?" she asked presently, looking over to the small maiden standing rather disconsolately by the table.

"I'll have nobody to play with," she announced simply, and with great gravity.

"Oh, but you'll look after Spottie and the puppies, and feed the rabbits, and all that, you know," said Clement, reassuringly. "And just think, you can ride Pippin *all* the time till I come back."

But these bright visions did not appear to console Evy altogether, for her red lip quivered. She was a singularly sweet-tempered, unselfish child, resembling her mother in disposition, but perhaps it was not to be wondered at that Rachel's heart clung with a more passionate love to the boy, who was his father's living image, and was fired by the same enthusiasm and impulsiveness of mood. Both were very dear to her, and it is just to say that never were two children treated with more perfect equality.

"I daresay Evy and I will manage to pass the time. I shall try and fill your place, Clem, when you are away," Rachel said, pleasantly; and just then a horse and rider came quickly up the approach, and Clem ran off eagerly to see who the unusual visitant could be. It was Mr. Gillot, the attorney from Ayreleigh, and Clement, ever ready when arrivals were announced, speedily relieved him of the horse, which he led to the stables, Evelyn following, as usual, her close companionship in all her brother's sports and interests having intensified her natural love for animals.

Rachel received Mr. Gillot at the door, and looked surprised, as she felt, to see him so late. He was her legal adviser, as well as the family solicitor to Studleigh—Christopher Abbot having left his daughter's affairs entirely in the hands of his trusted friend. The old man felt he could not sleep till he had had an interview with the "Captain's wife," as Rachel was always called, and had ridden over immediately after dinner.

"No, it isn't a friendly call; it's business, and not pleasant business, either, Mrs. Geoffrey," he said, answering her question almost brusquely. "Are you alone? I want to speak to you for half an hour."

"Certainly; come in. I hope there has been no serious disaster at the Thekla mines, Mr. Gillot," she answered with a smile. "Because I have just made up my mind that the next dividend should pay my son's fees at Eton."

"I wish it was nothing more than a flooding at the Thekla, or even an absconding mining engineer," said the old man, shaking his head. "I suppose you have not the least idea what I'm after?"

"Not the slightest," Rachel answered, and motioning the attorney to a seat, she drew up the blind at the front window to admit the last rays of the setting sun.

"Well, I had a visit this afternoon from Lady Emily."

"Yes?"

Rachel's smile faded; and she waited, apprehensive of some trouble, though she could not put it in shape.

"Do you know, Mrs. Geoffrey, that the lease of the farm expires next Lady Day?"

"What farm?"

"This farm—Pine Edge."

"Does it? No, I didn't know. Will there be some formalities connected with its renewal on account of my father's death?" asked Rachel; and

at her direct, unconcerned question Mr. Gillot almost groaned. The possibility that at any time she might be called upon to quit the place never suggested itself to her mind. It made his task all the harder, but it had to be gone through.

"Lady Emily called on me this afternoon, Mrs. Geoffrey, to say that she will not renew it," he said, desperately.

"Not renew it! I don't understand you, Mr. Gillot. What did Lady Emily mean?"

"What she said, unfortunately. She has made up her mind that you are to quit Pine Edge, Mrs. Geoffrey."

Rachel looked at the attorney with wide-open eyes, and the slight colour paled out of her face.

"That I am to quit Pine Edge," she repeated.

"Oh, Mr. Gillot, you must have misunderstood her. Lady Emily would never suggest anything so absurd."

"My dear, she not only suggested it—she laid it down as an unalterable decision. You have grievously offended her in some way, and she is a haughty and vindictive woman. Our only chance lies with the young Squire."

Slowly the truth dawned upon Rachel, and the lawyer saw the quick, bright colour leap back to her cheek, and an expression to her face which he had never before seen.

"Lady Emily came to ask you to serve a notice to quit upon me, Mr. Gillot," she said, quietly.

"Is that right?"

"Quite right."

"Did she give any reason for this extraordinary decision, may I ask?"

"She made a lame excuse about the place being neglected, but I pulled her up sharp on that head. Upon my word I did. I've been wondering at my own temerity ever since."

"Mr. Gillot, you were my father's old and true friend, as you have been mine since his death. What do you think can be the motive for this?"

"Well, my dear, since you ask me, I will tell you quite plainly—it's jealousy."

A faint, incredulous smile flitted across Rachel's pale face.

"That can hardly be. It is too absurd. How can the great lady of Studleigh Manor be jealous of an obscure woman, who affects and presumes nothing, but only tries to do her duty by her children, Mr. Gillot?"

"I am right, my dear; but I will be more explicit. She is jealous of the people's love for you. She hears you spoken of, as every one speaks of you—and well they may—with the highest gratitude and love. She is jealous because her boy likes to be with you, and she is jealous of these two fine children of yours—of that tall, manly, noble son, and that bonnie little girl, who, unless I am mistaken, will make sad havoc in Ayreleigh yet."

"But all that, supposing it to be true, is no fault of mine, Mr. Gillot. There can be no offence where none is intended, and it is most unjust and unreasonable of Lady Ayre to punish me when I have done no wrong."

"Agreed, but the fact remains. There is not much reason in women—that is in some women, begging your pardon," said the old man bluntly, but Rachel apparently did not hear or heed him. She had turned slightly away from him, and her eyes were looking through the front window upon the shadowy, solemn pine tops down upon the fertile valley of the Ayre, where the clear river wound its way between its green and lovely banks. Leave Pine Edge, her dear and only home, hallowed by countless memories—hallowed by associations most sacred. Oh, anything, anything but that!

"Mr. Gillot,"—Rachel's voice sounded very clear and sharp when she spoke again—"can I refuse to go?"

"No, my dear, you can't. Our only chance, as I said before, lies with the young squire, and even he is, in a manner, powerless. His mother has absolute control in the meantime, and I question if in this matter even his entreaties would avail much."

"I shall go to her myself, Mr. Gillot. I have not asked many favours from Lady Ayre. When she understands what this decision of her's means

for me she will never insist upon it, I feel sure. She would never be so cruel."

Mr. Gillot was not sanguine. In fact, looking at the young widow's haughty and slightly defiant mien, he did not think it probable that she would make a successful suppliant. But he did not demur.

"Lady Emily thinks you ought, for your son's sake, to be living at Stonecroft," he said, presently.

"It cannot matter much where we live. I cannot keep my son with me, even if I would. He will be nothing but a soldier, Mr. Gillot. His whole thoughts are of battles and sieges and hair-breadth escapes. It would be madness to try and put him past it."

"Well, well, knowing what his brave father was, we can't regret it," said the attorney, cheerfully. "I confess I should be disappointed if anything else were to satisfy him."

"I question, Mr. Gillot, whether Lady Ayre has the right to put the representative of the Abbots out of Pine Edge," Rachel said again, quickly and decisively. "Do three centuries of tenancy carry no right with them?"

"No, it's only use, and won't, Mrs. Geoffrey. So long as rent is paid for land, it's just like a house. My landlord can say to me any day, I want your house for myself; and, provided he gives me fair notice, I must walk out at his time without a word."

"It is hard, it is cruelly hard," exclaimed Rachel, bitterly. "You can testify how anxious and unremitting I have been in my care of the place. I have spared no expense where servants are concerned, in order that the land might not suffer. I have eyes, Mr. Gillot, and I can see for myself how the farm is looking, even if I had not any returns in hard cash to show for it. Never, even in my father's best days, did Pine Edge pay him so well as it has paid me."

"My dear, I know it. I told her ladyship all that, but I was speaking to a dead wall. She has made up her mind that you are to go."

"Then there are other things to think of. Look at the house, for instance. The Abbots have made it what it is, and—"

"These arguments won't hold, Mrs. Geoffrey," interrupted the attorney, shaking his head. "Everybody knows that Pine Edge is fit for any gentleman to live in, and everybody knows whose money paid for it. But the Abbots did it without being asked, simply for their own good and profit. These are hard truths, my dear, but they are truths. Suppose you go out of the Edge to-morrow, you can't lay claim to a single penny as compensation for improvements."

"The money is nothing. It is not a question of money," returned Rachel passionately. "I have looked forward to spending my life here, Mr. Gillot, and hoped to die in my old home when the time came. It will break my heart if I have to leave it. I cannot, I cannot!"

Never had Mr. Gillot seen the daughter of his old friend so deeply moved. He had not hitherto understood her. She had appeared to him sometimes to be very cold and reserved, and self-contained. But he knew now how passionate was the heart beneath, how quick and strong the feelings, how close and clinging the attachment, not to human beings alone, but to places which memory hallowed. He was filled with a deep compassion for her, as he looked on her flushed face, and saw the nervous motions of her hands as she moved up and down the room.

"Were I you, Mrs. Geoffrey, I would lay the whole matter before the young Squire," he suggested.

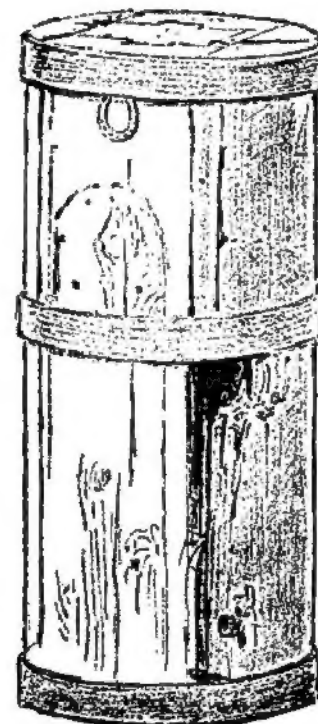
"No; because then Lady Emily might justly accuse me of seeking to influence her son, and I love him too well to put him in such a painful position. No, I shall be open and frank with her and shall plead my own cause. I am a proud woman, Mr. Gillot, perhaps prouder than Lady Emily herself, but to-morrow I shall bury that pride and go as a suppliant to Studleigh, where I have never been admitted as an equal. Yes, it will cost me something; but it would cost me very much more to leave my dear old home. If she has a woman's heart at all I shall touch it to compassion before I go."

(To be continued.)

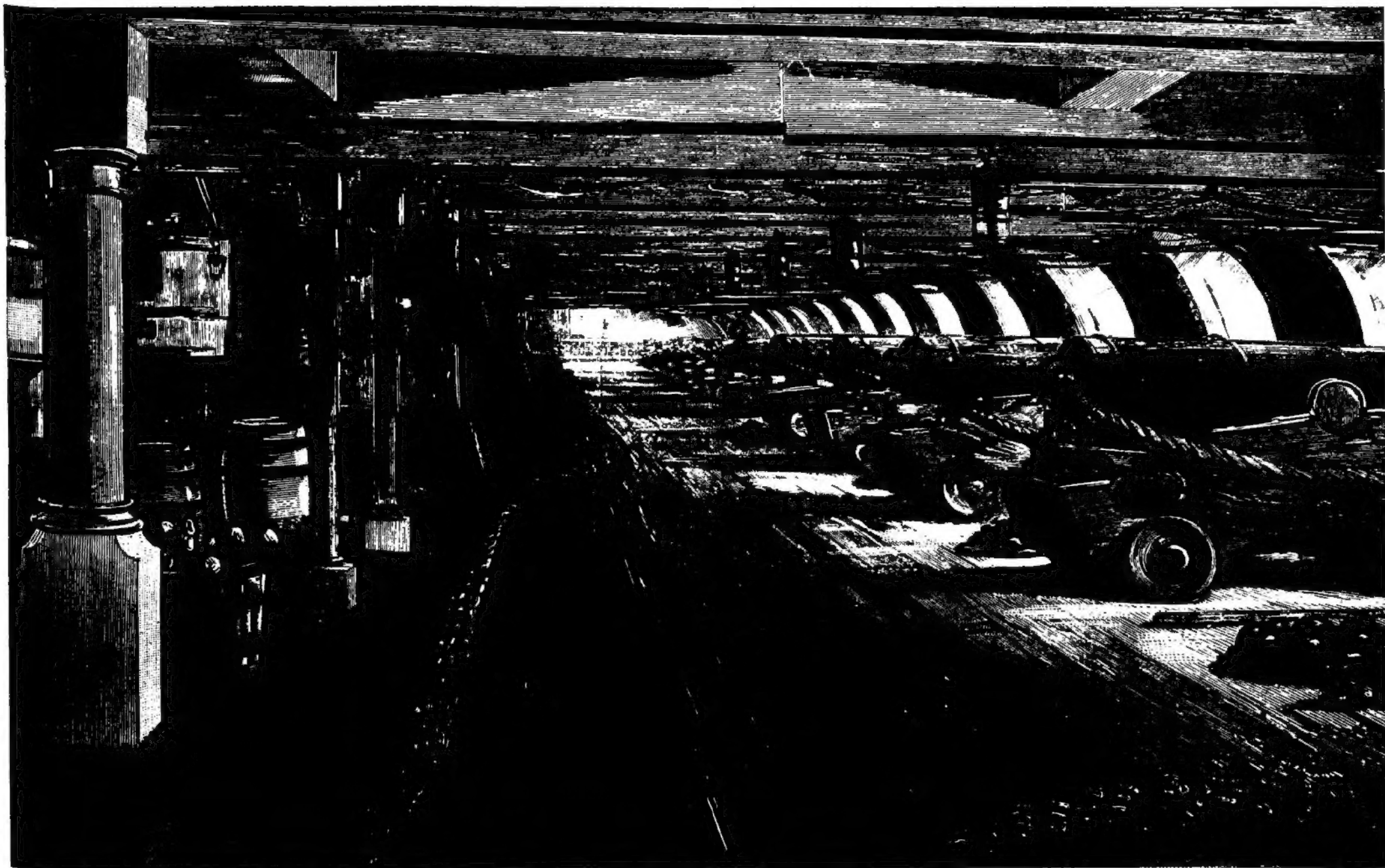




COAT AND WAISTCOAT WORN BY LORD NELSON AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

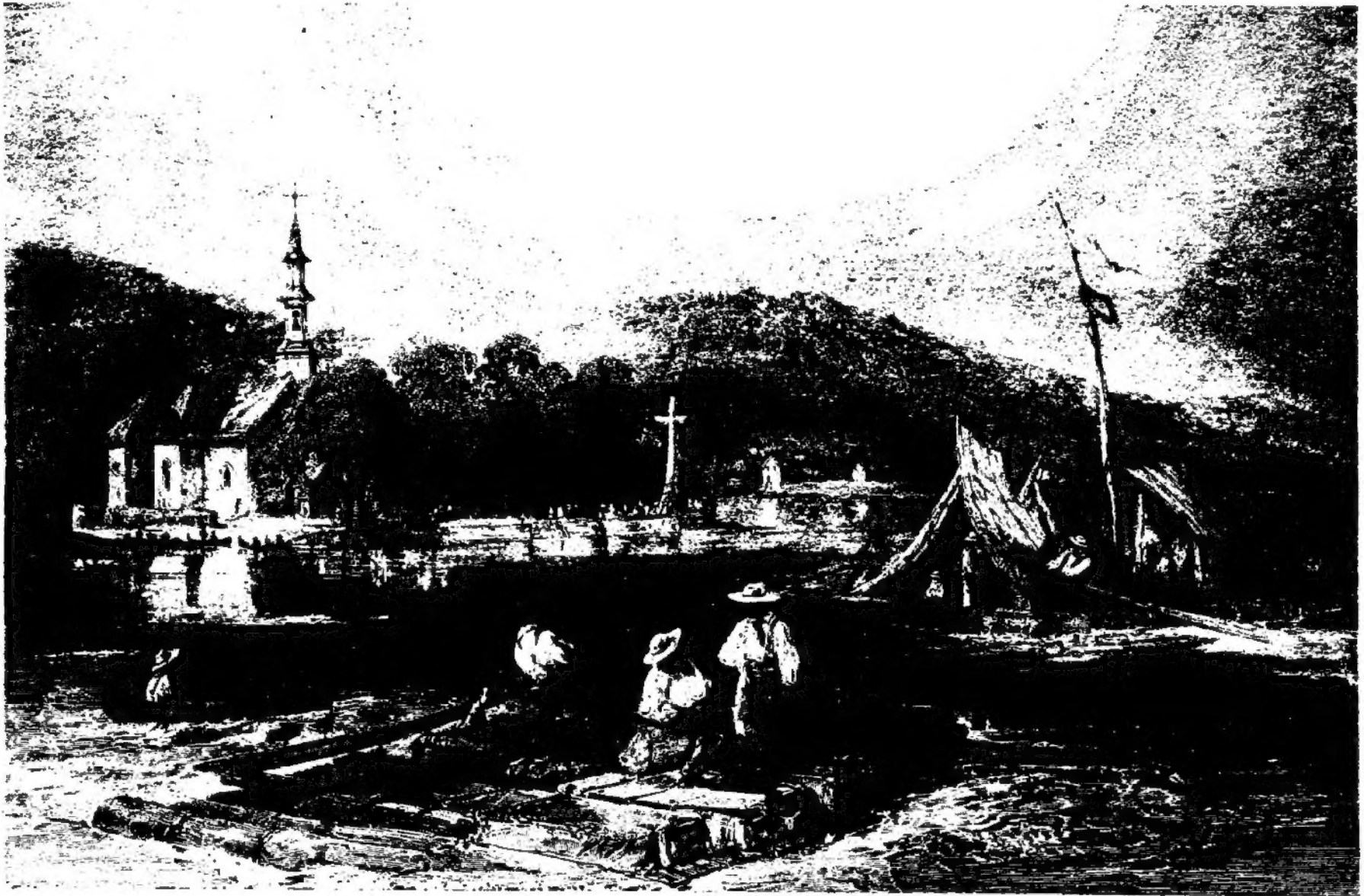


PORTION OF THE "VICTORY'S" MAST, WITH HOLE SHOT THROUGH IT.



THE LOWER DECK OF THE MODEL "VICTORY" SHOWING THE GUNS READY FOR ACTION, AS ON THE DAY OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.  
INTERESTING RELICS SHOWN AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION, LONDON.





SCENE ON THE LAKE OF THE TWO MOUNTAINS.  
(From an old print.)



HON. EDWARD J. HODGSON,  
Master of the Rolls of Prince Edward Island.

### The Honourable Edward J. Hodgson, Master of the Rolls of Prince Edward Island.

The subject of our sketch, the newly appointed Master of the Rolls of Prince Edward Island was born in the year 1840. He was educated with his brother the late Rev. George W. Hodgson at the Central Academy in Charlottetown. The latter proceeded to King's College where he entered upon that brilliant career which was too soon closed by his early death. Mr. E. J. Hodgson entered the office of the Hon. T. H. Haviland, for ten years a senator and an ex-Lieut.-Governor of the Island, who, in partnership with the Hon. F. Brecken, had a large

business. In 1861 Mr. Hodgson went to London and completed his studies at the Temple. Upon his return he entered at once upon a large practice, and in 1863 married the only daughter of the late Hon. John Brecken, whose sudden death two years ago while on a visit to St. John, N.B., cast a gloom over the community.

While at the bar there was no case of importance in which Mr. Hodgson was not engaged. When the Royal Commission was appointed to settle the differences between landlords and tenants, of which Sir Hugh Childers was chairman, Mr. Hodgson appeared on behalf of the landlords. He has been agent of the Minister of Justice since 1878 up to the time he was appointed to the Bench. He was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1879. Mr. Hodgson is possessed of rare oratorical powers. His defence of Johnson, tried for murder in 1879, is considered one of the most brilliant ever heard, and his address for the prisoner is remembered to the present day and probably will be by every one who heard it. The defendant was acquitted. He conducted the prosecution for the Crown against Gillis for murder, who was found guilty and sentenced to death but respited, and is now in the Dorchester Penitentiary under a life sentence. He cared very little for criminal practice, and only accepted retainers when it was not possible to refuse them. He was more at home in the Court of Chancery, and in cases involving the right to real property with complicated titles. He received the degree of L.L.D., *causa honoris* from Laval University in 1890. His residence is Hillsborough House, we believe one of the most beautiful in the province, at which he dispenses a refined hospitality. Mr. Hodgson is the eldest son of the late Daniel Hodgson, for fifty years clerk of the Crown and Prothonotary of the Supreme Court, and nephew of Sir Robert Hodgson, for 24 years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and for six years Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island.

### Ontario Society of Artists.

Formed in 1872 by Messrs. J. A. Fraser, Millard, Matthew, Martin, Gagen and Bridgman. Incorporated 1873.

First officers—President, W. H. Howland; vice-president, John A. Fraser; treasurer, H. Morse; hon.-secretary, H. Hancock; patron, Lord Dufferin.

Officers since—President, Hon. G. W. Allan; vice-presidents, L. R. O'Brien, E. B. Shuttleworth, R. Harris, W. M.

Revere; secretaries, M. Matthews, Hallan, Jarding, Gagen. Members at organization who are still members—J. C. Forbes, D. Fowler, R. F. Gagen, T. M. Martin, H. Martin, M. Matthews, L. R. O'Brien, F. M. Bell-Smith, F. A. Verner, James Smith, W. G. Storm.

The first exhibition was held in April, 1873, in a gallery in rear of 41 King St. East. Since then 18 exhibitions have been held. In 1876 the society moved into premises of their own at 14 King St. East, where they carried on a School of Art for several years until it was removed to the Normal School and placed under the government system. Amongst the graduates from this school were Messrs. G. A. Reid, Pinhey, Eade and others, who have taken a good stand in this and other countries. Besides the annual displays there have been a number of special exhibitions, which have been the means of placing before the Ontario public works that many would never otherwise have had the opportunity of seeing. Amongst these were exhibitions of American etchings—an exhibition of the original works made in black and white by the leading American artists for *The Century Magazine*—Gabriel Max's great picture, "The Raising of Jarius's Daughter," and an exhibition of European paintings.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise after the departure of Lord Dufferin became patrons and took great interest in the society.

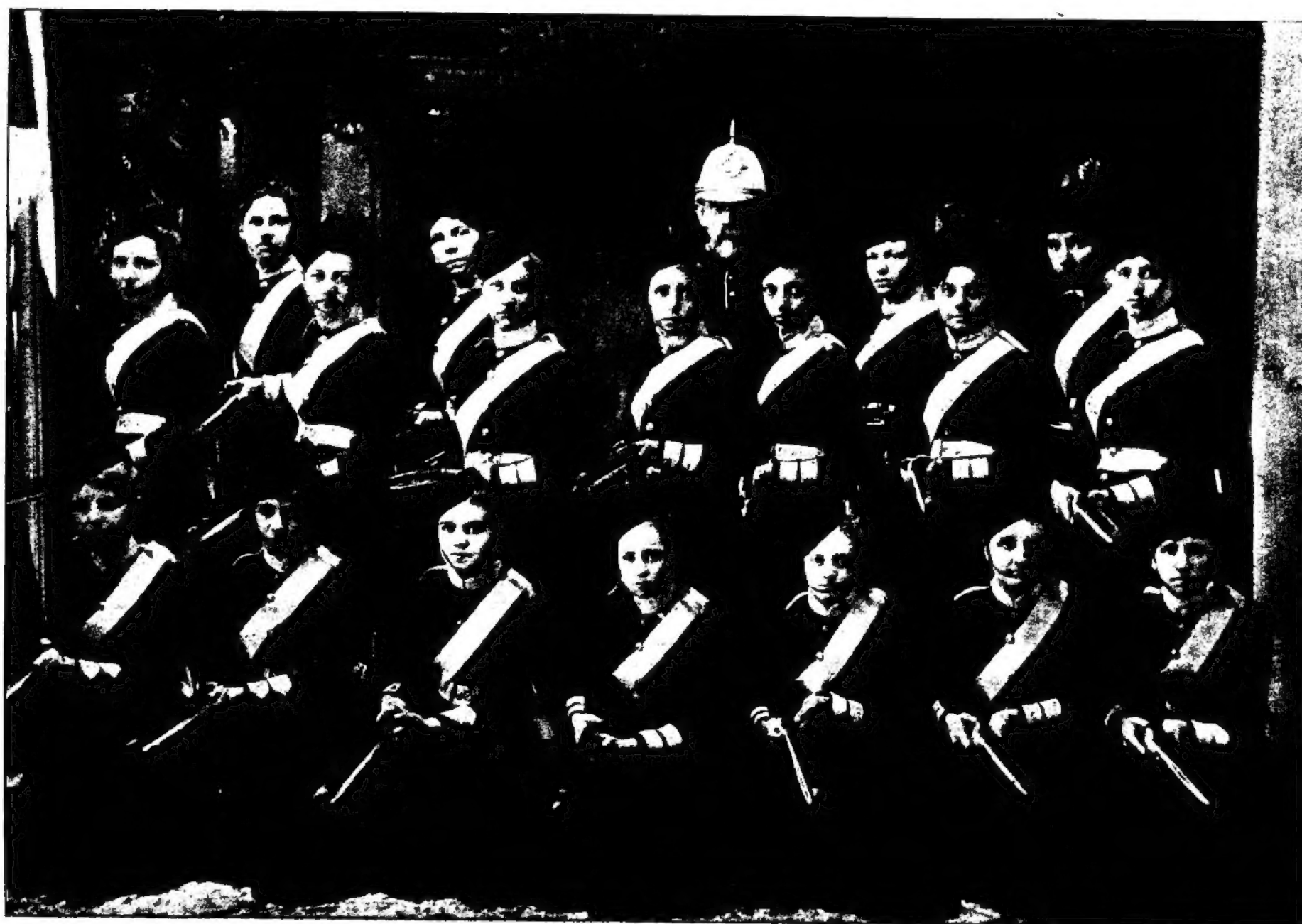
His Excellency and Her Royal Highness formed the Royal Canadian Academy and appointed the society its first members. The society has recently formed a new art school on a better basis than the former one, and which is known as "The Ontario School of Art and Design."

The school, of which the first half term is just closed, is carried on in the Academy of Music building on King St. West. The teachers are members of the society.

During the winter months they have conducted a life class. They also conduct an art union distribution of prizes on the same system as those in older countries, thus scattering throughout Canada works of art that otherwise would probably not be seen.

At present the society greatly feels the want of a proper building for art classes and a permanent gallery; one worthy the province and the society.

The exhibition, which opened on the 18th May, will last about three weeks.



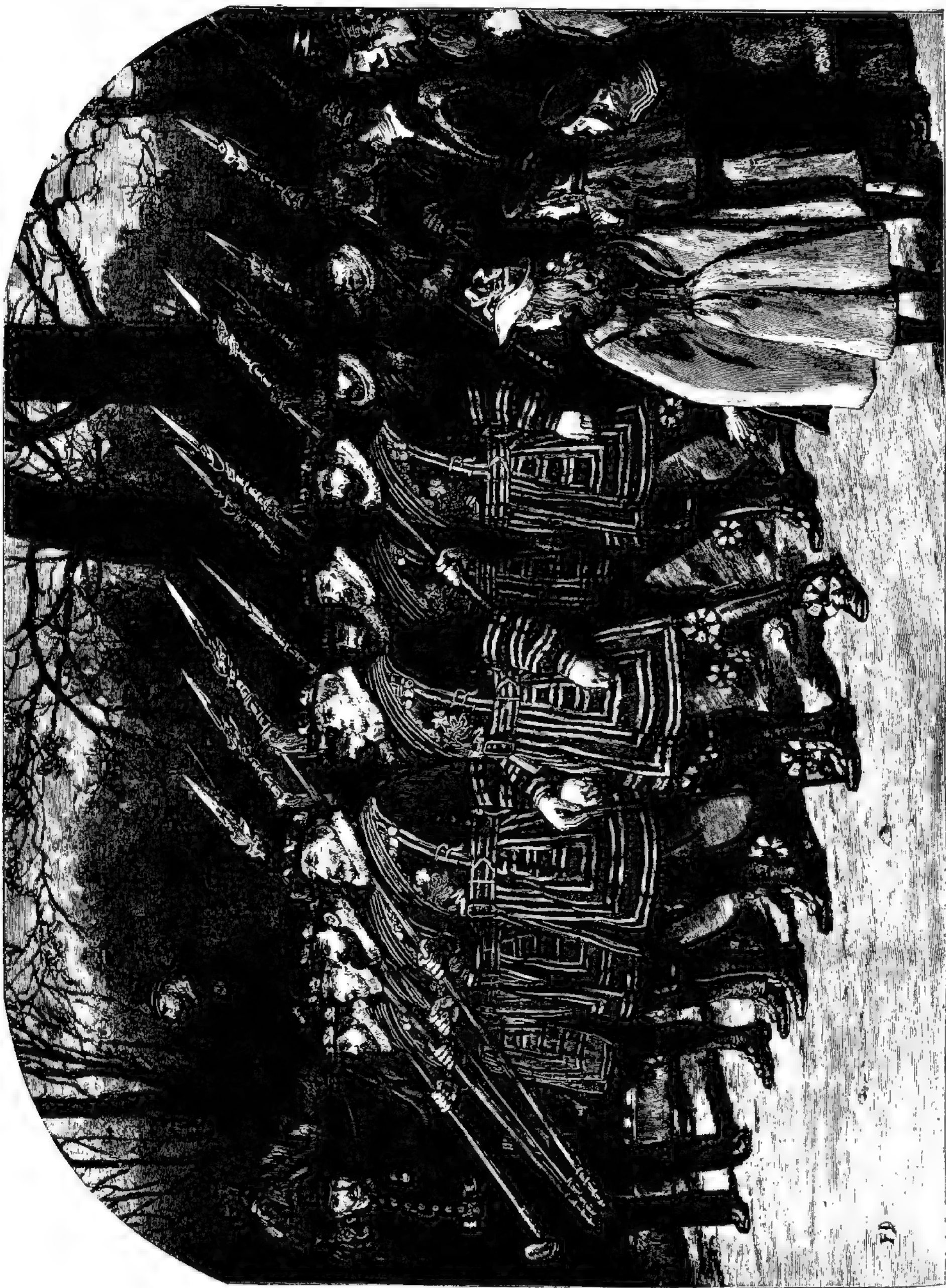
FIRING EXERCISE, "READY."



"PREPARE FOR CAVALRY."

LADIES INFANTRY DRILL COMPANY, OF PICTON, ONT.





THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD MARCHING DOWN THE MALL ON THE WAY TO HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING ROOM.  
A PICTURESQUE LONDON SCENE.



## Season Notes and Sketches.

## VIII.

O dewy mother, breathe on us  
Something of all thy beauty and thy might.  
—Archibald Lampman.

Voices of children, voices of birds, voices of many happy creatures proclaiming that the wished-for season is here at last. Thank Heaven, there is a springing time, for nature—for life—for feeling—for poesy! Come back, thou new blood of the world, and warm even the graybeard's veins,—

"Grant us a breathing-space of tender ruth, . . .  
Give us the charm of spring, the touch of youth" \*

The earth is not so old but thou canst lighten it, and weave every wrinkle into grace, like the smile of an infant.

This is truly known as the season of lover and poet. Now Herrick wakes up Corinna, and gives each young maiden an antidote to sloth and melancholy. The "Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer, with many a chanson and madrigal, belong to the muse's spring, and come in finely now. In his song-garden beauty is prodigal; in his green field the daisy blooms forever; in his dewy dingle merle and mavis sing through all the year. Can it come without him, this peeping anticipation on sunward bank and by the willowy river? Does he not inspire the very "licour" of "April with his shoures sote,"

"Of whiche vertue engendred is the floure," and makes us rejoice with him, in the mornings

"When Zephyrus eke with his sote brethe  
Enspired hath in every holt and hethie  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his half cours yronne,  
And smale foules maken melodic,  
That slepen alle night with open eye"?

Birds may indeed come, hastening to well-known nooks of our woods, or they may gather for their flight; but the poet lives, and they shall not desert us. "Sing on, sing on, O thrush!"

"The great buds swelled; among the pensive woods  
The spirits of first flowers awoke and flung  
From buried faces the close-fitting hoods . . .  
The frail spring-beauty with her perfumed bell,  
The wind-flower, and the spotted adder-tongue." †

"Merry it is in the good green wood,  
When the mavis and merle are singing."

So the gay season and the "good green wood" waken the pipe of the English ballad-singer; so once did they quicken Doric minstrelsy, when Burns sang, rejoicing to see how

"Nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out ower the grassy lea."

So, when Spring has made good headway, we go with her gladly to her house and temple. There she breathes a consecration; therein the drama of life is enacted. Under the first green mist o' the woods the merry men of Robin Hood go blithely, and Maid Marion walks like some home-like beautiful one, never to fade. For a time the wraith of blossoms was chary, but soon there shall be no dearth of loveliness.

"Beauty in the woodland bides  
Waiting for her wedding day . . .

Hie thee hither, Bonnie May!  
Time, let not her footsteps stray  
Far from this way." \*\*

## X.

And with no haste nor any fear  
We are as children going home. ‡

Nothing gaunt or ghostly lingers in these paths; surely Death cannot come here. Any doleful event must happen in the sodden fall, or under wild winter branches; not when the forests are in their springtide magnificence. All bright and fairy things come here. Think what Spenser saw! What noble knights, what lovely ladies did he give to inhabit the greenwood! Where "Ardennes waves . . .

her green leaves dewy with Nature's tear drops," what scenes appear, what deeds are enacted under the wand of magician Shakespeare! Coleridge had a vision of a beautiful child plucking fruits by moonlight in a wilderness; but was the elfin boy a fairer presence than one of the rarest of our poet's has conjured? How did this lovely form happen in the forest?

"There by the woodside, blown and shy,  
The windflowers and violets  
Brake as the drenching evening sky  
When one star sets.

"Smiling within that elfin vale,  
A child stood there, serene, alone;  
Her slim brown ankles in the trail  
White windflowers shone.

"I was so glad of her dear face,  
I stooped and filled my arms with her;  
While the sun touched our forest place  
Fir by dark fir.

"Her grave, entrancing eyes laughed up  
Under my half-bewildered rune. . ."

There "walks in beauty" the Emilie of Chaucer, and amid the dimming shades goes astray the spotless lady of Milton. There broods the

"Forest seer,  
A minstrel of the natural year,"

where the rhodora has dropped its petals in the pool. Down by the brookside lingers the lovely form of Wordsworth's Lucy; and by a most memorable rivulet, under thick woven branches, stands on the one side Robert Burns, and on the other, Highland Mary, plighting their perpetual troth.

## XI.

Time will not number the hours  
We'll spend in the woods  
Where no sorrow intrudes,  
With the streams and the birds and the flowers.  
—Alexander McLachlan.

So we are glad of the thousand voices that cry out, "Here it is spring! Here it is spring!" Let us go to the woods. Now we are under the trees' generous cover. Sometimes these aisles are resonant with the melody of birds; again they are silent, with that silence felt and expressed by the poet who has with greatest subtlety portrayed our landscape:

"How still it is here in the woods. The trees  
Stand motionless, as if they did not dare  
To stir, lest it should break the spell. The air  
Hangs quiet as spaces in a marble frieze.  
Even this little brook that runs at ease,  
Whispering and gurgling in its knotted bed,  
Seems but to deepen with its curling thread  
Of sound the shadowy sun pierced silences.  
Sometimes a hawk screams, or a woodpecker  
Startles the stillness from its fixed mood  
With his loud, careless tap. Sometimes I hear  
The dreamy white-throat from some far-off tree  
Pipe slowly on the listening solitude  
His five pure notes succeeding pensively." †

There are whispers here and there of leaves played on by the kissing breeze, like the whispers of infant dryads, maybe,—but what you do not care, so the ear is charmed. The pines take a deep breath, and heave a long-drawn sigh. The fir trees—

"The wash of endless waves is in their tops  
Endlessly swaying;" ‡

and the shore answers distantly.

How hospitable is the forest! Full suits of wealthy greenery rustle on all the branches. Underfoot ran the blushful Mayflower before these leaves were out. Yet it peeps out of the moss and crisp last years' foliage at you. See how the sunlight leaps and laughs among the thousand little twinkling whisperers! How the rays are toned and softened amid these myriad green disks! There are grotesques and arabesques,—little bits of light and shade, on tiny knolls and in wee hollows, where oak and beech stretch their roots so indolently. A coloured butterfly flits into light! Solomon was not garmented so richly. There comes across that bright space a pigmy one with yellow wings! A redbreast hops and hops. Hal! that is a thrush, deep in the hollow among the cedars! And that—that's a bobolink out in the clearing! The poets have got as fond over him as ever over skylark, cuckoo or night-ingale. Through Bryant we hear him telling his name to all the hills. He tumbles through the fancy of Whittier a "little typsy fairy." Hear him! "Gladness on wings,

the bobolink is here!" exults Lowell. But scarcely have they given us a finer description than our own Lampman:

"The restless bobolink loiters and woos  
Down in the hollows and over the swells,  
Dropping in and out of the Shadows,—  
Sprinkling his music about the meadows,—  
Whistles, and little checks and coos,  
And the tinkle of glassy bells."

Well, you are comfortably housed here, under the green-wood tree. You stretch out on the moss, saying, "It is good to be here for six hours, more or less." Then pulling out a new volume, with many a marked page, you read some song a friend has written, before you proceed to dream:

"At evening when the winds are still,  
And wide the yellowing landscape glows,  
My fir-woods on the lonely hill  
Are crowned with sun, and loud with crows.  
Their flocks throng down the open sky  
From far, salt flats, and sedgy seas,  
Then dusk and dewfall quench the cry,—  
So calm a home is in my trees.

"At morning, when the young wind swings  
The green, slim tops and branches high,  
Out puffs a noisy whirl of wings,  
Dispersing up the empty sky:  
In this dear refuge no roof stops  
The skyward pinion winnowing through;  
My trees shut out the world,—their tops  
Are open to the infinite blue."\*

But spring soon endeth, and so should these musings.  
PASTOR FELIX.

\* Chas. G. D. Roberts' *My Trees*.

## Free Home.

Free home! We all remember well those delightful days when we played "hide-and-seek" with the other small boys and girls who are now either "married or dead." No matter what success has since been ours, our hearts have never throbbed more exultantly than when, after hiding in some perilously dangerous spot, we have safely touched the magic spot called the "den," and triumphantly cried "Free Home." And when, flushed and excited after the evening game, we laid our heads on the pillow, we went through the play again in our dreams, but in our dreams we were never able to touch the "den."

We have seldom, even in our hearts, cried "Free home" since we lost our childhood. We have never found out the "den." Often it has seemed within sight, but ere we reached the spot it had faded away. Sometimes we actually touched the den we had sought, but when we arrived there we could not cry "free home." If our tongues uttered it, our hearts did not echo it, for we felt that there was still some goal beyond.

The years slip on, and we never find the den, until, at last, sitting quietly in the twilight, we hear the children calling "Free home," and we wonder how long it will be now before we echo that joyful cry, until we enter at the golden gate of the heavenly Jerusalem, and meet the loved ones gone before, for not until then will we say in perfect truth "Free home!"

L. L.

## As Cynosure Undimmed.

FLOATING defiant over subject seas  
That whelming rise and hiss their rage in vain;  
Where envious foemen's blows unceasing rain,  
Yon oriflamb its challenge to the breeze  
Flings wide. Heat, storm, nor traitor, these  
Dim not the lustre of its crimson stain  
With heroes' life-blood dyed, thro' toil and pain  
And death achieving glorious victories.

Emblem of Empire vast, of old undreamed,  
Meeting the rising and the setting sun,  
Thee loyal homage gratefully we pay,  
Hail thee our choice! For us thou hast redeemed  
A Country, dowered a Home, and won  
A share in Greater Britain's onward sway.

—SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

## Golf in Kingston.

With the golfists and cricketers together Barriefield common will be almost impassible this summer. Even the cricketers alone are about as dangerous to the unwary pedestrian as an ordinary battlefield. But you can see a game of cricket at a distance, and dodge the artillery accordingly. A mild looking old gentleman pottering about with a young lady seems harmless enough, and you take no notice of him, till a sudden whizzing in the air, a shock, and your left eye lying on the grass beside you, warn you that it is golf again.—*Kingston News*.

\* Duncan Campbell Scott.

† Archibald Lampman.

\*\* William Rae Garvie.

‡ Bliss Carman.

\* Bliss Carman's *Murjorie*.

† Archibald Lampman's *Solitude*.

‡ Chas. G. D. Roberts.





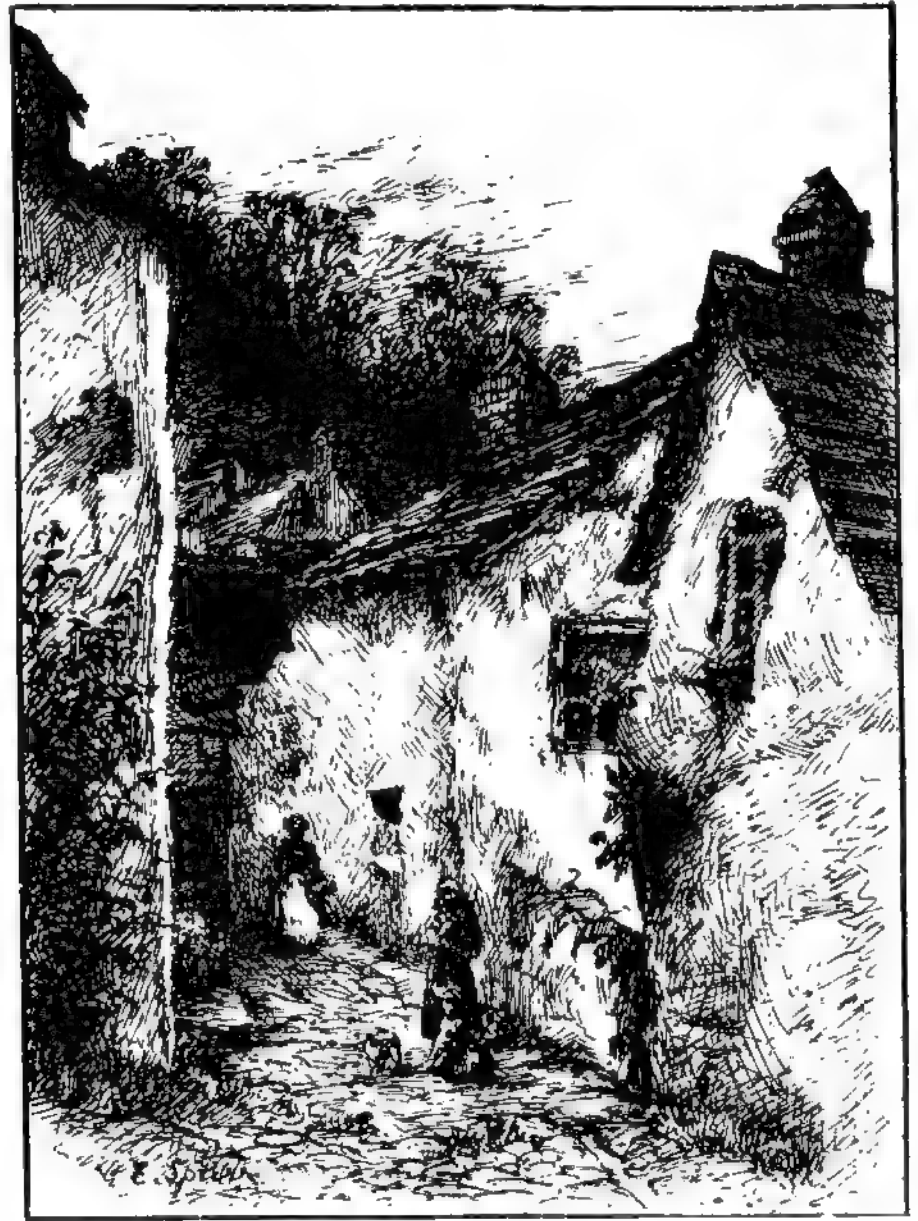
LIFE STUDIES SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE







LIFE STUDY.



A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND.



LIFE STUDY.

SKETCHES SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, TORONTO.

## Incidents in the Early Military History of Canada, V.

With Extracts from the Journals of the Officer commanding the Queen's Rangers During the War—1755 to 1763.

A Lecture delivered on the 12th January, 1891, by Lieut.-Col. R. Z. ROGERS, 40th Battalion—  
Lieut.-Col. W. D. OTTER, President, in the Chair.

(Continued from page 513.)

"I landed half a mile short of the fort, and fronting it, where I drew up my detachment in a field of grass. Here Captain Campbell joined me, and with him came a French officer, to inform me that he bore Monsieur Beletere's compliments, signifying he was under my command. From hence I sent Lieutenants Leslie and McCormack with thirty-six men to take possession of the fort. The French garrison laid down their arms.

"The French colours were taken down and the English flag hoisted, at which about 700 Indians gave a shout of exultation. They seemed amazed at the submissive salutations of the inhabitants, and expressed their satisfaction at our generosity in not putting them to death, and said they would always in future fight for a nation thus favoured by Him that made the world.

"I went into the fort, received a plan of it, with a list of the stores, from the commanding officer, and by noon of the 1st of December we had collected the militia, disarmed them and administered the oaths of allegiance."

An attempt was made to reach Michillimakinak, but after a two days' journey on Lake Huron the ice compelled them to return to Detroit.

On account of the winter season setting in, a return by the lakes was impossible.

Consequently, after establishing a sufficient garrison at Detroit he, on the 23rd December, commenced the return march with the remainder of his detachment around the west end of Lake Erie.

The bearings and details of each day's march through the woods are given, until, as the journal states, "On the 23rd of January we came again to the Ohio River, opposite Fort Pitt, from whence I ordered Lieut. McCormack to march the party across the country to Albany, and after tarrying there till the 26th, I came the common road to Philadelphia, and from thence to New York, where, after this long and fatiguing journey, I arrived February 14th, 1761."

Major Rogers was sent to Detroit again in 1763, and took part in the defence of that place against the combined Indians under Pontiac.

A short time after that he went to England, as mentioned before, and on the 10th of January, 1766, he was appointed Governor of Michillimakinak, the duties of which he entered on in August of that year. In September, 1767, he was recalled, and proceeded to Montreal to answer to a malicious charge, preferred against him by parties who quarrelled with him in the west. He was honourably acquitted and his expenses paid by the British Government. He then again went to England, where he remained till June, 1775. On arrival at Baltimore he was arrested by the Revolutionists, but released on parole, which parole was broken by his assailants in arresting him the second time, from which he made his escape, and then proceeded to re-organize his Rangers on a war footing.

Before the end of the Revolutionary War Major Rogers had to go again to England, and was succeeded in the command of the Rangers by Colonel Simcoe. The corps since its reorganization was more in the nature of a regiment taking the name of the original company, and later on received the addition of a troop of cavalry as an auxiliary attachment.

Major Rogers did not again return to America, but died in England in 1784.

Having now traced the actions of some of the participants in the strife for the supremacy of the British cause in North America during that early period, permit me to refer briefly to the continuance of the same bold spirit of loyalty, which impelled many of those men to make still greater sacrifices a few years later, when the unfortunate complications which led to the revolt of the thirteen American Colonies came about.

It was from this same class of sterling, hardy colonists that this Province received its first pioneer settlers.

Those men who in their Transatlantic settlements, while having good reason to feel they were undergoing very

serious disadvantages on account of the want of a better understanding between the Home Government and the Provincial authorities, at the same time could not be persuaded that there was sufficient cause to sever the ties of allegiance to their lawful Sovereign and to the land they still called home.

When the contentions of those times unfortunately ripened into hostilities, those men naturally and energetically espoused the Royal cause, and though the fortune of war eventually prevailed against the principles they thought were right, they heroically proved their devotion to those principles, and voluntarily gave up their possessions and moved into that part of the country where they could still live under the flag they loved.

It is estimated about 10,000 came into this province at that time, and as many more into the Maritime Provinces.

A Canadian poet thus feelingly refers to the movement:

They who loved the cause that had been lost,  
Yet scorned an alien name,  
Passed into exile,—leaving all behind  
Save honour and the conscious pride  
Of duty done to country and to king.

It may be satisfactory to some to have specific proof of individual cases of sacrifices made at that time.

If you will excuse my making such frequent use of my own name, I would like to say that in the case of James Rogers, the commanding officer of one of the companies of Rangers, the same, by the way, who owned this old powder horn, on the disbandment of his corps at the conclusion of the French War he acquired, partly by grant and partly by purchase, a tract of 22,000 acres of land in Wyndham County, in the Province of New York, and

now in the State of Vermont. I have here the Crown Patent of that land, as well as another of 3,000 acres on the shore of Lake Champlain, the date of which is 1765. Those desirous of inspecting the style of conveyancing of those days will find these old documents very interesting.

After the turmoil and hardships of several years campaigning, he settled down upon that land, and was making satisfactory progress and improvements when the conflict I have referred to occurred, and he again mustered his Rangers and continued in active service as long as there was any chance of benefiting the Royal cause. When all hope in that direction was lost, he with his family and an organized party composed of most of his Rangers with their families and what trifling effects they could speedily bring away, joined the northern tide of United Empire Loyalists, and after weeks and months of privation and sufferings, finally selected new homes on the Bay of Quinte, where they, in June, 1784, commenced the first settlement in that now populous and prosperous district.

There they lie buried, and I, a great grandson of that old volunteer officer and leader of the Rangers, am glad of this opportunity to publicly express my gratitude to those who have been instrumental in overshadowing their graves with a beautiful memorial church at Adolphustown as a tribute to the memory of those pioneer settlers whose devotion and patriotism supply a noble example to succeeding generations.

I need not here refer at greater length to those who fought for "the Unity of the Empire," and having failed to accomplish their purpose, proceeded to lay the foundation of this British Dominion of Canada.

The old Loyalists of that generation have long since gone to their rest, but far and wide throughout this Canada of ours may to-day be found numbers of their descendants glorying in the name and in the traditions they have inherited, and in the ties that still bind them to the Mother Land.

And in no society or organization are so many of them to be found as in the enrolled membership of the Volunteer Citizen soldiery of our country.

[THE END.]



LIEUT.-COL. R. Z. ROGERS, Commanding 40th Battalion, C. M.





BY  
GERTRUDE E. TURNOCK.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Ha, John! I thought you men never noticed these things. I have observed it for some time."

"Well, Maggie, I have seen many a worse pair. Though they are both poor they are the kind to get along in this country."

"By the way, mother," broke in Bob, "Herb was asking me an awful lot about Mab to-day. He wanted to know what her father was, where she lived and all about her—I wonder if he was acquainted with her in England, because when I told what we knew he said, 'Good heavens! it must be the same.'"

"Well," sagely remarked old Clifford, "he might have known her. I forget what part of England he hails from."

"Why, don't you remember, John?" exclaimed Mrs. Clifford. "He knew the Rev. Henry's wife's people, and they live at Reading."

"Well," rejoined her husband, "Reading is not such an awful distance from Hampton Wick."

And then he and Bob went out to bed down the horses for the night.

Some three weeks after this old Mr. Clifford said to Bob at supper:

"How is it that it is such a long time since we have seen Seymour? I expected he would have been up here to give me my revenge for that game of draughts he beat me in, the rascal."

"Oh, I have asked him in often, but he has always had some excuse."

"Well, you had better tell him I think he is afraid to try conclusions with me again," said the old gentleman.

During this conversation Mrs. Clifford is watching the play of Mabel's countenance. On the mention of Seymour's name she notices the colour mount to her cheeks, which the good lady has fancied have become paler within the last fortnight. The blush dies away, leaving her cheeks a shade paler than before, and her mouth twitches slightly as she hears of Seymour's excuses. These are all the signs Mrs. Clifford sees, but she draws conclusions from them.

On the same evening that this scene is being enacted at the Clifford homestead, Herbert Seymour is sitting in his bachelor residence, musing before his stove. He has been sitting that way for the last two hours. Presently he gets up and, throwing his pipe on the table, exclaims:

"I am a fool, a big fool? What does it matter? She is no more responsible than I am. No, she is not to blame; she is absolutely innocent. But I—I have been making an ass of myself. It is not my fault that I am broken-fortuned; it will be

the result of my own folly if I am broken-hearted. What an idiot I have been to let my silly pride and resentment put me to the pain I have been undergoing for the last three weeks. Yes, I will do it!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

Tappington Settlement is all agog, for the Templetons, that numerous family, are giving a "house-warming" in their large, new, but partly finished house. A dance is not of such frequent occurrence in a North-West settlement as to cause terpsichorean satiety amongst the rural votaries of pleasure, and consequently the "R.S.V.P." on Mrs. Templeton's invitations did not cause that good lady to receive many regrets of inability to be present.

The Clifford party is starting out for the evening's enjoyment. Unfortunately, there is not room in the family bob-sleigh for all; one must be left out. But, happily, Herbert Seymour drives up and is able to offer Miss Fairchild a seat in his conveyance.

It is rather strange that the Cliffords' crowded sleigh seems to proceed at greater speed over the snow-clad prairie than does the comparatively lightly laden vehicle of Mr. Seymour. What may be the cause of this it is not necessary to waste time in surmising. It is a fact, and is merely stated as such.

The occupants of the dilatory conveyance do not seem to have much to say to each other for the first few minutes of the drive; but at length the driver apparently addresses a remark to his companion which is evidently answered in a monosyllable. Several other short questions seem to be put with a like result. Presently the driver appears to be entering into a long and eloquent address, the team still further slackens its pace, the reins are transferred to the whip hand and the disengaged arm steals round the back of the seat—perhaps to arrange the robes on the other side without disturbing his companion. The communication is doubtless a most important and confidential one, for the two heads draw nearer and nearer to each other during the course of it. The two figures are now so close together that it is difficult to distinguish their actions or the words which the right hand one is rapidly pouring forth. At length the torrent of eloquence appears to have expended itself, and there is a moment's pause. It is impossible to say what answer the left hand figure gives, or, indeed, whether she answers at all; but suddenly the arm of her com-

panion which has been arranging the rugs behind her encircles her waist, the heads which were in such close proximity before now touch, and the clear, crisp air resounds with something suspiciously like a kiss. The driver seems now, for the first time, to realize how slowly his team is going, the whip cracks joyously over the backs of the accelerating animals, the sleigh bounds forward with twice its former velocity, the Clifford equipage is shortly passed and left behind and the Templeton mansion is soon after reached.

The Templeton's ball is an undoubted success. Tired of the dance, a couple are standing in the refreshment room.

"You are quite a stranger here, are you not, Mr. Fitzgerald?" remarks Miss Fairchild.

"Aw, yes, you know," replies her companion, "I've only been out here a fortnight."

"I suppose you don't know many people yet, then?"

"Aw, no, not many; the Templetons and Seymours are the only people I really know. Seymour, by the way, seems to be a great friend of yours, Miss Fairchild. Awfully decent fellow, Seymour. He and I were at Oxford together. Dreadful pity about his having to give up the Bar. I suppose you know the story?"

"No, I never heard exactly. It was some financial difficulty, I believe, wasn't it?"

"Yes; you know he had quite a lot of money left him when he came of age. He entrusted it to a stock-broker to invest for him, who put it into some South American railway or mining concern. Company smashed up, of course; all these South American companies do. Herb lost all his money; old Fairchild killed himself; awful scandal on the exchange. By the way, quite a co——"

Fitzgerald has only just time to break the fall of his companion as she drops fainting to the floor.

"My God! My God!" he cries. "What is the matter? What have I done?"

Mrs. Templeton, who is in the room, at once rushes to his aid. Mrs. Clifford is hastily summoned and comes, followed quickly by Seymour.

The efforts of the two ladies are much more practical and successful than those of the gentlemen, but it would be impossible for any men to exhibit more frantic anxiety than do Seymour and Fitzgerald (particularly the former) for the fainting girl's speedy recovery. Explanations are, of course, not at present possible. On the first sign of returning consciousness Seymour at once advances and, taking her hand, cries:

"My darling! My darling! What——"



"What an idiot I have been"

An agonized cry is her only answer; and again she sinks into insensibility.

Once more, by the application of the two ladies' remedies, her senses appear to be returning; but again, at the sight of Seymour, she falls into unconsciousness.

The ladies then suggest that perhaps she may be less agitated if left alone with them, and Seymour and Fitzgerald retire, utterly miserable, though from entirely different reasons.

On the return journey Miss Fairchild is driven home in the Clifford sleigh.

It is not necessary to watch by the bedside of Mabel Fairchild during the long illness which followed the shock she sustained nor to listen to her pitiful wanderings in delirium, which showed how very keenly she felt the cruel blow under which she had been prostrated.

As soon as he learned that she had passed out of the delirious stages of fever, Seymour begged for an interview with Mabel, but this he was refused. He called again and again, but met with a similar result. How cruelly he suffered under this treatment. But what was his pain compared with the anguish Mabel felt. How could she dare look in his face again, knowing how her father had injured him? He could never have known she was a daughter of the man who had ruined him. How would he ever really believe that she never knew the circumstances attending her father's death? And then the horror of explanation; the pain of referring to the harrowing subject. No,

she could never see him more, though she still loved him. Her life was crushed; the joy of existence had departed. As soon as she began to recover her strength Mabel announced to Mrs. Clifford her intention of leaving Tappington.

It was then that Mrs. Clifford took upon herself to interfere in a love affair with which she had never meddled, but in which she had always taken an interest. Tenderly she talked to the broken-spirited girl of her sad story; eloquently she set forth the far greater injury than her father had inflicted on him she would be doing Seymour if she persisted in her attitude towards him. Seymour had authorized her to say he knew all before he proposed to her, and that nothing, not even her present cruelty to him, would ever diminish his love for her.

Mrs. Clifford exercised sufficient influence, tact and eloquence to so far overcome Mabel's resolution as to obtain her consent to an interview with Herbert.

Why should we be asked to describe what happened at this meeting? We were able to discern what occurred during the sleigh drive to the Templeton's dance, but our eyes are too dim on this occasion to see distinctly.

It is sufficient to remark that in the following summer there was a quiet wedding at Tappington Church, and that the Reverend Henry inserted another advertisement for Mrs. Clifford in the *Church Times*.

[THE END.]

## POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!  
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

With most of us, the keeping of a diary is a weariness of the flesh. At first one thinks otherwise. One is fascinated at first by all the prospective entries his mind's eye conjures up; and he thinks it will be so handy for reference, you know. Therefore, to begin a diary forms one of the standard good resolutions for New Year's Day. A good beginning, however, often leads to a very bad ending. With most of us, the episodes are too few and far between to make a very satisfactory or continuous narrative; and even "reflections" (which have padded out so many diaries) would have as a rule to be spread exceeding thin, I fear. With actors, authors and public men generally, the episodes may be presumed to come thick and fast; and the reflections to accompany them can not be wanting. Such people frequently manage not only to *keep* a diary, which is a great thing; but to keep such a good one as to be deemed worthy of publication. There is, indeed, a suspicion afloat that in many cases they are kept with a sole view to publication. Mention must also be made of the fairly successful attempts of young ladies, especially of fashionable young ladies and coquettes, at keeping a diary. Episodes and reflections in number their young ladyships may be presumed to have: albeit of a somewhat romantic and transcendental character perhaps. "Why," I am asked, "do you not keep a journal or diary?" It would help you so much in getting up your *points*." The history of a diary which I once commenced, it would be mortifying to relate; and I shall spare my feelings. Suffice it to repeat that with most of us, the keeping of a diary is a weariness of the flesh.

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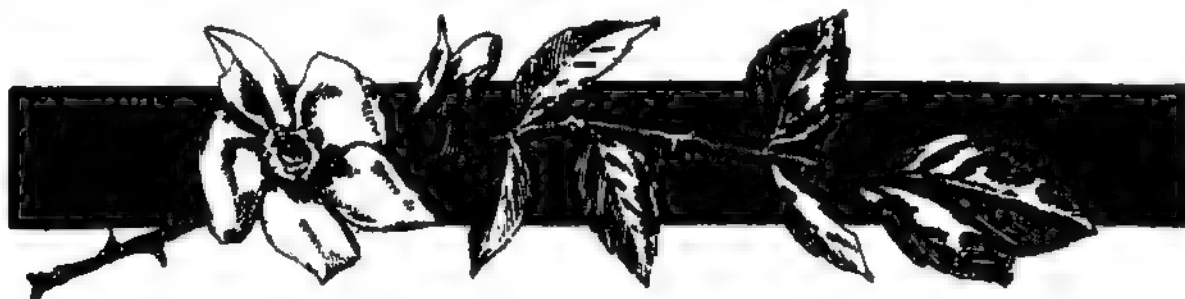
There is a mean man near Pembroke. One of the Incorporated Company of Mean Men must be spending a holiday in that neighborhood. Recently a wedding was about to take place in that vicinity, and elaborate preparations were made for the wedding banquet. But that there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip, soon became painfully apparent; for lo and behold, the night before the wedding some one stepped in and stole the banquet! And the prospective hosts underwent the experience of Old Mother Hubbard; inasmuch as they went to the cupboard, and when they got there the cupboard was bare. It is said that the culprit made off with "a bag of bread, a turkey, a lot of chickens, fourteen pounds of butter, a bag of cakes, a pudding, and a lot of other things." In short, to put it vulgarly, he seems to have made a hog of himself. Sometimes it is one of the contracting parties that proves delinquent and causes consternation; but one can usually depend on the banquet for being on hand. In this case, however, it was otherwise. The wedding, we are informed, came off all the same; exhibiting a striking instance of the power of true love to overcome obstacles, though the course of it proverbially never runs smooth. The guilty party must certainly be a very mean man, who would retard or interfere with wedding festivities. And we can picture him proposing toasts, and responding to them, and drinking to them all by himself; thus entirely monopolizing the banquet.

\* \* \*

Dr. E. Stone Wiggins is to the fore again. The learned doctor, finding that predictions even of the most celestial weather meet with but an indifferent reception at the hands of an incredulous public, has decided to assume an entirely different role. This time he is dabbling in fiction; it is perhaps not the first time he has done so, but it is probably the first time he has done so professedly. In other words, he is engaged upon a philosophic novel, somewhat on the lines of "Looking Backward"; one of the chief features of which will be direct communication with the planet Jupiter. Should the expletive "by Jove" occur in the book, it would therefore be invested with a new and unique force. Stargazing is of course to be expected from one of such astronomical proclivities as the doctor. Although I do not profess to be a prophet myself, I venture to prophesy a large sale for his book; owing to his wide celebrity and well known ability.

— ♦ —

All the steamers formerly owned by the State Line Steamship Company, sailing between Glasgow and New York, are now commanded by captains who have been in the service of the Allan Line for some years.







The meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club has come and gone, and has been put down on the records as the most successful one ever held under the auspices of the club. The attendance on the first and second days was phenomenal, and on the third and fourth was as large as could reasonably be expected. Some of the American visitors expressed themselves as both surprised and delighted with the way in which things were conducted. They could not understand, however, why there should not be a great many more running meetings in Canada. These gentlemen were probably unacquainted with the difficulties that sportsmen in the Dominion have had to overcome in the past. However, a brighter day seems to have dawned, and certainly the O.J.C. have reason to congratulate themselves on all their surroundings for the four days. The weather, that uncertain quantity, was of the most glorious description, and consequently attendance was good in like ratio. In a word, the results were such as to justify the club in extending their province in the future, and turfmen may look for larger purses and an increased number of races. Wednesday night fairly looked on as an off-day; still there were over 3,000 people present, and they were not disappointed in the quality of the sport provided for them. The event of the day was the winning of a very long shot, 20-1 being out on the boards in the Hotel Stakes opposite Frank L's name. He had been kept in the back ground and his backers realized handsomely on the race, the Altonwood stables' representative winning nicely from such horses as Calgary and Pericles. Mr. Daly has not been doing badly with his string, landing the Don Purse of \$300. Victorious, the winner of the Plate, started in again on the third day and added another bracket to his list. In the jumping race, Hercules again proved his right to the title of invincible. The Hunter's flat was captured by Dublin, who started out to win when the flag fell, and he stayed in the lead until the post was past. Mr. Dawes' luck changed, and Redfellow captured the sixth race, a purse of \$300 for horses that had not already won at the meeting.

The last day was a fitting wind-up to the meeting. The wealth and fashion of the Queen City were all there, and when the returns were figured out it was discovered that about 35,000 people had visited the Woodbine during the meeting. That ought to bridge over any little financial difficulty for some time to come. The races were all splendidly contested; all the finishes were close, and, with one exception, all the favourites won. Mr. Seagram added two more victories to his stables' credit. That Terror colt has been well named, and three brackets in one meeting shows that there is hardly any danger of his eating his head off just now. His victories are deservedly popular, for, if there is one man more than another who should meet with success on a race track, that man is Mr. Seagram. In the open flat, that slashing big horse, Redfellow, again carried Mr. Dawes' colours to the front, in the fast time of 1.57½, while in the steeplechase Mr. Loudon won a capital race on the great little horse Mackenzie. Mr. Seagram had fortune again smiling on him in the Ladies' Purse. Mr. Daly's sprinter, Salisbury, was a hot favourite in this race, but the old gelding, with 139 lbs. to carry, was not equal to the task. Orinoco had only 110 lbs. up, and after a rattling struggle captured the race by a length and a half. In the two-year-old sprint for half a mile, Mr. Hendries' filly, Cottonade, gave promise of better things in the future, winning nicely by a couple of lengths from Lord Stanley. The closing event of the day was the Consolation, which was balm to the feeling of Mr. Daly, who won with Bohemian, and so wound up the best race meeting ever held in Canada.

It will be in order now for the race-goers to turn their attention to Bel-Air. Here is another jockey club which, like the O. J. C., has surmounted obstacles that seemed at some stages of the game to be impossible. But pluck and perseverance, like blood, tell in the long run. Next to the O. J. C. meeting just concluded, the Bel-Air summer races will take precedence. Spread over three days with 15 events on the card, with good purses and a larger number of entries than ever appeared on the track in the Province of Quebec, the public need not be afraid of getting less than their

money's worth. Nearly all the horses that were at the Woodbine will be in Montreal, although many of them are now at the Buffalo meeting.

At the time of writing it is, of course, impossible to say much about the Blue Bonnets' trotting meeting, which opened last Tuesday. It will be a pity if the efforts made by the new lessees do not meet with a full measure of support from the public, for certainly never before have a management been actuated with better intentions to have nothing but genuine, square sport. The wonderful improvements made in the track and its surroundings have cost a considerable outlay of money; the grand stand is the equal of almost any in the country; the grounds have been thoroughly well drained, and the track itself is certainly not equalled in the Dominion. Those horsemen who have been working their horses speak of it in the highest terms; then the entry list is a decidedly large one, and the ringer will have a very hard row to hoe, as the judge appointed by the National Trotting Association is said to be merciless to all sorts of racing crookedness. The old style of taking conditional entries has been abolished, and some gentlemen who own horses and who thought that the system they had been accustomed to in the past would still hold, have discovered their mistake when it is too late. They will know better next time, and send in their entries when they are called for. The new management have started in the right way. Keep up the good work, gentlemen.

One of the features of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, which is very conducive to a healthy interest in track events, is the holding of regular weekly handicap races. These runs give the ambitious young athlete not only a training but they put some experience into him that he is not liable to forget when he "sets" for the shot in the open championship events. Of course there is such a thing as over-handicapping, that may be somewhat discouraging to the crack men; but the work is generally so well done that there is but very seldom any cause for complaint. So far this season all the signs lead one to expect more than an average of good results at the M. A. A. grounds. The track is pretty well used every fair evening, and Trainer Stevenson has his hands full. He has the consolation, however, of knowing that he has some first-class material to work with that may be expected to do both themselves and their Mentor credit when the year is a little older. The spring games, which will be held to-morrow afternoon, come a little early in the spring, when our backward spring is considered, but for all that they may be calculated on to give an insight into the space the winged wheel will be able to travel at when the time for the championship comes round. Last year, if memory serves aright, in a few instances the handicapping was exceedingly severe, but the experience gained in the meantime will probably obviate this difficulty. There is one little bit of advice that may seem gratuitous to the older athletes, but which is frequently very necessary to the rising lights: Don't overdo your practice work, but, on the other hand, don't underdo it. After being on the track a few times and making a pretty good showing, for which you have been congratulated by your friends, there is a possibility of catching a very contagious and very fatal complaint of the hydrocephalic order. The athletic career of some very promising young men in Montreal has been ruined by it, and this is about the time when a trainer will begin to exercise some of his authority with advantage.

Not much has been heard recently from the devotees of the shot gun, and the numerous gun clubs all over the Dominion seem to be taking a midsummer siesta. Some little time ago there was quite a stir among the gun men in the way of agitating for a better enforcement of the fish and game laws, but even this seems to have been lost sight of. The Montreal Fish and Game Protection club has certainly not been idle, but the work possible to be done by one organization with a small membership must be limited in the extreme. However, the example is a good one, and as long as an energetic secretary is successful in obtaining convictions against law-breakers the effect is salutary. There is one shooting event of considerable importance on the cards at the present time. Mr. David Robert of Contrecoeur, it is understood, has been entrusted with the providing of about six hundred birds, and several hundred dollars will be offered in prizes. The date has not been fixed yet, but it is expected that some of the best wing shots in the country will be on hand.

Those who had the good fortune last year of attending the camp of the Northern Division of the American Canoe Association at the Lake of Two Mountains will, if possible, enjoy the same treat this year at Pigeon Lake. At first it was the intention of holding a cruising meet in Georgian Bay, but as this was discovered to be inconvenient on account of the different equipment required, the executive wisely decided to change the programme, and at a recent meeting decided on Jacob's Island, Pigeon Lake, as the site, and from July 15 to 29 as the date. The programme has met with the approval of most Western canoeists. The locality decided on is easy of access, to the Northwest of Peterborough, as canoes can be transported either by rail or water. The island is an ideal one for the navigator of the frail bark, a sloping grassy bank, easily accessible for small craft, backed up by a splendid grove of huge maples that will afford sufficient shade for the most comfortable kind of tent-pitching, while the opposite side of the island has a finely sheltered and safe harbour, with always enough light breeze to delight the heart of the sailing man, sweet well-water and an abundance of provisions procurable from the farmers along the lake shore. What more does the canoeist want? The arrangements are in the hands of a pushing and energetic committee, who have already done considerable work towards completing arrangements. Peterborough is a home for canoeing, and the residents of that thriving town will give all the assistance in their power.

The Montreal Swimming club is an institution that the city could ill-afford to do without, and thus the present success of the organization is a matter for congratulation. The attendance at the baths has been constantly increasing and the members are taking a more active interest in the workings of the club. At the annual meeting there were 75 members present and the following officers were elected:—President, Thos. C. Bulmer; first vice-president, R. Reinhold; second vice-president, Wilfred A. Huguenin; hon. secretary, Fred. G. Henry; hon. treasurer, Thos. J. Darling. Committee: Chas. E. Benedict, H. R. St. Michel, E. Irwin, R. S. Clift, E. Faneau and James Wilson.

The lacrosse league has got under way as far as the junior leagues are concerned. The big ones have still a little time before them to improve their form, but the juniors are so numerous and have so many dates to fill that they must necessarily begin early. They are not in anything like shape yet, and the matches played on Saturday last were of the ragged kind and left lots of room for improvement.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club last year adopted the system of weekly handicaps, which proved so successful that they will be continued this season.

The M.A.A.A. have usually been happy in the choice of officials, and this year is no exception to the rule. The board of directors met on Wednesday night and elected Mr. Jas. A. Taylor to preside over them, while Mr. W. L. Maltby will act as vice-president.

The Toronto Bicycle Club are proud of their champion, Mr. David Nasmith, who secured first place in the road race in Cleveland on Saturday. The T. B. C.'s champion rode a great race in the previous week on the Kingston road. He was a living exemplification of what conscientious training could do, and the results at the C. W. A. meet in Hamilton next week are anxiously looked forward to.

Articles of agreement have been made out for the double scull event. Perhaps a race like this may revive a little of the waning interest in professional sculling. Perhaps it will not.

R. O. X.

### A Beautiful Gift.

In the window of the Canada Plating Co., Craig street, Montreal, this week, appeared a magnificent gift, the workmanship of the company, and presented by them, through Mr. Geo. R. Gray, to Miss McLaren, of Guelph, Ont., who, on the 4th inst., became the bride of Mr. Joseph N. Babson, of the above named firm. The gift was a complete set of table silverware of the highest quality, cased in a handsome cypress cabinet, on the satin lining of which appeared, in gold letters, the following: "With the best wishes of the Canada Plating Co." The design and finish of the articles were extremely elegant.



**A Pretty Dust Cloak—Parasols—Ill-Used Women—A King's Kindness—Legal Impertinence—How to Wash Prints and Foulards.**

A pretty dust cloak is not always an easy thing to compass, whether bought or made at home; but it certainly is an indispensable item in a lady's summer outfit, and is particularly needed at this time of year, on account of the various races and out-of-door entertainments now in prospect that necessitate long drives. As dust cloaks are not called upon to be also waterproof, they may be of any thin and light material preferred that is virtually impervious to dust. The one in my sketch is made of foulard, in any dark or light colour, and is entirely arranged in knife kilt-laps, or accordion pleatings in one long length. The yoke



is covered with flat pleats of the same width, and the rest of the mantle is set on so that the upper edge turns out like a frill. The same arrangement obtains round the neck, and is a finish to it. The beauty of this kind of cloak lies in its elasticity, which is consequent on the pleated fashion of its construction, thus enabling it to fan out and cover a light, puffy dress without crushing it. This mantle might be made in alpaca, or even in batiste or brown holland if cheaper fabrics are desired than foulard, sarah, pongee or tussore silks.

With summer mantles, I really think I may now venture to chat about parasols. For they must soon be used,

and are already prepared for the coming hot days. I have lately seen two that came from Paris, and are unique in their design and beauty. The first is a lovely combination of butter-cup yellow and petunia violet tulle, the yellow being uppermost. Inside, and out, it is covered with these ephemeral materials, both of which are left full at the edge like a stiff little flounce that almost forms a ruche, so bushy is it. Ears of green barley keep the soft materials down in their places, and a knot of ribbon in the combined colours trims the stick of the sunshade. The other you



must please suppose to be made of black foulard printed with a design of bunches of small field flowers, in which the red of the poppies predominates. It is edged with a flounce of poppy-red chiffon, and a large bunch of mixed field blossoms, such as cornflowers, buttercups, daisies and green barley is made into a trail that spreads over one side. Any one can really fashion a pretty sunshade now, for they admit of endless variety in their material and trimming, but they ought always to match the dress they accompany. If you cannot manage this, it is best to have some plain *en tout cas* of shot silk in two dark shades that will go with anything and everything in the way of a toilette.

\* \* \*

Ill-used women is a curious title to take for one of my paragraphs, but I am tempted to use it because of various remarks from correspondents on the Jackson case, to which I alluded a week or two ago. Though I confess I think the taste that can drag under public notice the matrimonial difficulties of two people very questionable, I have the greatest sympathy for those who are miserably mated, and who find everything turn out so differently from what they expected. Knowing, however, what can be done by persistent sympathy, good temper and diplomacy, which is but another word for tact, and, above all, by that wonderful quality which is a woman's best strength—patience—I would beg those of my fair readers who are wives to see that they are slow to anger, and very plenteous in mercy to the individual who has broken his promises, though he is their husband. It must not be forgotten that of the two sexes men are generally very much more human than women, and an enthusiastic bride is so very apt to idealize the man she marries, and then blame him for eventually falling short of the pinnacle on which she has set him. But there is a very important thing to be remembered; if death should come and take away the one who was at first the joy, and later on, perhaps, the misery of one's existence, there will be found a deep and lasting satisfaction which the world cannot take away, in having nothing wherewith to reproach oneself in one's behavior to him. Of course, there are good and bad men; but generally speaking, men lack moral courage, a quality in which women are not so deficient; they hate a scene, and would do anything to avoid it, and frequently, if obliged to face it, will assume a violent demeanour, as a sort of stimulant to help them through it. But we must be fair and look at both sides of the question. I am sure that no intelligent

woman will deny that the members of her sex can be dreadfully exasperating if they like. Many of us can recall instances when we have seen a silly woman devoid of tact, bent on demanding and exacting demonstrations of affection from her husband, who is weary and worried, and then bitterly reproaching him with no longer loving her if he does not immediately respond to her advances. When people are very tired, very anxious, or immersed in some absorbing subject, they are apt to be also very irritable. If an unnecessary interruption, still worse, a foolish annoyance like the foregoing comes across them, one can hardly be surprised that they lose patience. Selfishness, thoughtlessness and lack of sympathetic tact on the part of the wife are the explanations of many an unnecessary domestic explosion, that with a little more self-control on her side might have been averted. If only people would try to remember that they can make themselves what they like by a little steady determination. Even in the most ordinary relations of life, pleasant manners go a long way towards preventing friction between two people. A soft answer and politeness cost so little, but they often do turn away wrath. I know a very sweet and beautiful lady of high social position who is married to an extremely wealthy man who is about the most selfish, ill tempered, contemptible little piece of humanity it has ever been my luck to meet. But her treatment of him is perfect. She shows him, as her husband, every respect, and insists on his children doing the same as their father, as if he deserved it. And when his selfishness and absurd personal vanity are too obtrusive and his temper vexatious, she is perfectly kind, but very dignified, with that quiet manner that gives him nothing to find fault with, but which has in it neither the fear nor the abjectness of a sycophant. Thoroughbred people, such as she is, are known by their graceful tact and the calm atmosphere of feeling they bring with them, which is very infectious. A wise friend once gave me some hints that I have always thought useful, and which I may recommend to the notice of any of my fair readers who have followed these remarks of mine with interest. In worry, or in trouble, "avoid anything like the martyr air and look. Adopt cheerfulness if you have it not. Sweetness and patience without imposing superiority are great and gracious solvents of domestic trouble; persistent thoughtfulness for others is hard to withstand: and the faculty of forgetting things said and done by people in fractious, adverse, irritable, perverse or blinded moods—*oblivion* incessant, and starting anew, is a golden, all golden rule."

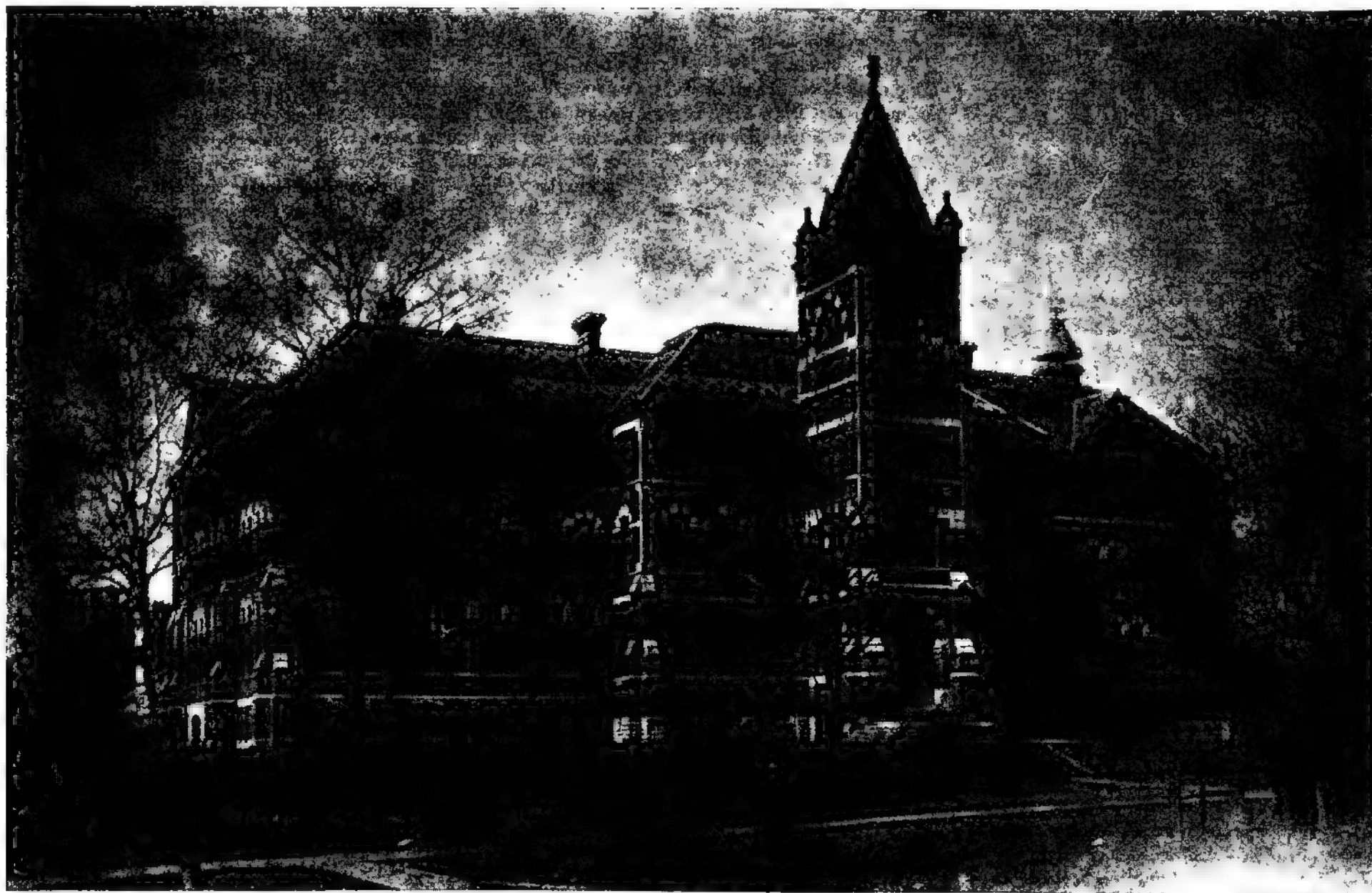
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Legal impertinence I am truly pleased to see is at last coming in for its well-deserved share of censure. Why counsel when they have to examine and cross examine a poor woman should degrade the majesty of the law and dignity of the court, by turning the unfortunate female into a laughing stock on which to explode the fireworks of their own generally very poor wit, I am at a loss to understand. If these limbs of the law choose to be frivolous, and waste the time of the judge, jury and other barristers by a wordy sparring match between themselves, all well and good, but they have no right to do so with the witnesses. I remember some time ago hearing of a lawyer who was rather fond of doing this sort of thing, but cleverly served in return. He was notably plain in appearance, not to say downright ugly—but unfortunately none the less of a bully, a fact that he rather prided himself upon. At last the day came when he had to examine an old Lancashire woman, who had rather freely expressed herself as to some facts put forward by the other side being humbug. "Now my good woman," said this legal luminary, "tell me what you mean by humbug?" The old lady hesitated, and did not at once answer, till on his worrying her with perpetual cross-questioning, at last she said with a twinkle in her eye, "Well, sir, if I was to call ye a pratty man, *that'd* be hombug." And I think you will agree with me that she had the best of it.

\* \* \*

How to wash prints and foulards is a very necessary thing to know, now that this summer will bring these into our daily wear, and their colours are often ruined when submitted to the tender mercies of the laundress. Have some luke-warm water ready and put a little bran into it, wash your print, or silk, quickly through. Then as rapidly rinse it in cold water, and hang it to dry in a room where there is neither sunshine nor fire. Iron it with a rather cool iron on the wrong side, and it is done. You must use no soap to it.





THE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.

### The Ontario School of Practical Science.

The Ontario School of Practical Science sprang out of that generosity of feeling engendered of learning. It is no new thing in the history of humanity to find the scholars of the age most anxious to extend the sphere of that knowledge which experience has shown them is the only handmaid of advance.

The learned heathen lectured in public, but the social conditions of their times and countries confined the advantages learning thus offered to favoured classes; with the advance of a pure Christianity, social conditions have been enlarged, the rights of men as men have been more and more acknowledged, and consequently learning has entered upon wider spheres, and will never remain content until all men drink at her fountain with what appetite they may.

In line with such enlargement of view, the Ontario Government, through its Minister of Education at that date, 1870, the Hon. Adam Crooks, opened evening classes for working men in chemistry, natural philosophy and kindred subjects at the Mechanics Institute, for which purpose the Government purchased the building, fitted it up thoroughly and gave it the new name of The School of Technology, appointing Dr. W. H. Ellis as secretary of the institution.

The classes became popular, and increased to such an extent that it was proposed to enlarge the idea and found a *School of Practical Science*. In accordance with a scheme laid down by the Minister of Education, an arrangement was made with the Council of University College whereby its undergraduates should enjoy full advantage of the lectures in all those departments of practical science embraced in the work of the school.

A building was erected to the south of the university, and the departments of chemistry, under Professor Croft, of mineralogy and geology, under Professor Chapman, and of natural science under Professor R. Ramsay Wright, transferred their quarters from the university building to the new School of Practical Science. Here the students in arts and those of the school received the instruction in common, and the students of both the city medical schools—Toronto and Trinity—took chemistry under Professor Croft, with Dr. W. H. Ellis as demonstrator.

Later, on the superannuation of Professor Crofts, Dr. Pyke was appointed professor in chemistry for the university, and Dr. W. H. Ellis professor for the School of Practical Science, the rapid increase in the number of students

in both institutions rendering enlarged arrangements necessary. For the arts students, a new laboratory was fitted up, and the medical and school of science students were placed under charge of Dr. Ellis, as professor of applied chemistry, an arrangement which still exists.

In the engineering department, Prof. J. Galbraith was appointed, with a Fellow as an assistant. In 1889 Prof. Galbraith was made principal, and the management of the school was vested in a council composed of professors, lecturers and demonstrators of the school, with the principal as chairman.

The number of students and amount of work increasing rapidly, Mr. L. B. Stewart was appointed as lecturer in surveying, and made secretary of the school. Last year Mr. C. H. C. Wright was appointed lecturer in architecture, and Mr. T. R. Rosebrugh lecturer in electrical engineering. This year, 1891, Mr. C. J. Marani was appointed lecturer in sanitary engineering, and it is intended to appoint a lecturer in mining engineering before the fall session opens.

In 1890 an addition to the school was completed of nearly twice the size of the older portion of the building, which now constitutes the fine erection we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in our present issue.

The facilities of the school for affording full professional instruction in each department are already very complete, and more are being constantly added. A testing machine that breaks the bar at 90,000 lbs. without recoil has just been added to the engineering department, and a 100 foot standard of measure is now in course of erection.

A well equipped photographic room is provided for the use of the engineers and architects, and to those who know the value of such provision in the prosecution of these studies, will demonstrate the earnestness of the council in all that relates to the proper qualification of their students.

The engineering laboratory is being fitted up in the most perfect manner. In addition to the testing machine already mentioned, it has an experimental steam plant, consisting of engine, boiler, pumps, &c., for making experiments in the economical use of steam. The laboratory has also pumps, tanks, turbines and other appliances for conducting hydraulic experiments, and will be fully equipped with all necessary standard gauges, scales and measuring instruments. The electrical section has a full equipment of

dynamoes, motors, accumulators, electric lamps, measuring apparatus, and a machine shop is provided for the department for testing experiments and for repairing.

Dr. Pyke and Dr. Ellis are now in Europe for the purpose of obtaining for the school the most perfect modern appliances known.

The architectural department is supplied with models, casts, drawings, photographs, &c., which are being constantly added to, and the drawing-room on the third floor is one of the largest and best lighted in the building.

It is satisfactory to know that the expenses of students in either of the courses taught by this splendid institution are of the most moderate dimensions; the calendar for 1890-91 gives them as \$250, divided as follows: Sessional fees, \$120; books, instruments, drawing materials, &c., 1st year, about \$60; 2nd year, \$40; 3rd year, \$30.

Under the head of *Special Students*, those persons come in whose opportunities or requirements do not admit of their taking a regular course, and special arrangements are made for the bestowal of certificates and standing, and no entrance examination is required.

The thorough nature of the education received at the School of Practical Science can best be estimated by a survey of the work of the years in each department, as stated on the calendar of the school, and a glance at the facilities afforded by the appliances provided. In addition to these, the libraries, museums and herbarium of the University of Toronto are open to regular students, while the fact that the students have organized among themselves their own societies, shows that vivacity and *esprit de corps* which always indicates a healthy moral condition.

Graduates of the school occupy important positions in every portion of the globe, and its students are drawn alike from the old countries and the new.

When the material development of Canada, on which we are evidently entering with vigour and confidence in our future, is considered, it will be seen that an institution like the Ontario School of Practical Science has, by sending out its thoroughly equipped graduates to direct and insure that development, a most important part to play in the history of its country, for it cannot be doubted that despite the remains of a necessarily military domination of the world, Commerce will yet extend a beneficent and vigorous rule over the nations of the earth.





ST. PETER'S CHURCH, THURSO, SCOTLAND.

## A REVERENT PILGRIMAGE.

### PART XI.

Crossing Aberdeenshire and Banff, we come to Elgin Cathedral, founded by the Bishop of Moray in 1223. One would naturally expect that the further we recede from the fertile valleys of the south the poorer the ecclesiastical foundations would be. That such a supposition would be a mistaken one, however, the noble proportions of this cathedral clearly prove. Burned to the ground about a century and a half after its foundation by the Wolf of Badenoch,\* it gradually rose again out of its ruins to more than its former glory. But about thirty years after its completion it fell a victim to other foes. In 1568 we find the Council, under Regent Moray, ordering that its leaden roof, together with that of St. Machar, Aberdeen, be "sauld and disposit upon" for the sinews of war.† In 1711 the great central tower fell in; and fire, violence and neglect did their work here as elsewhere.

Sufficient remains, however, to mark it as one of the most stately of Scottish cathedrals. The western towers, doorway and a part of the window are still standing; also the choir, east window and high altar. The chapter-house is particularly beautiful. Like so many of the English chapter-houses, it is octagonal, with grained roof supported on a central pillar. The cathedral was anciently surrounded by a high wall, with four gates.

At Fortrose, on the Ross-shire side of the Moray Firth, we find the remains of the cathedral of the Bishops of Ross. The fragment shows the structure to have been in the purest and most elaborate Middle Pointed style of the early part of the fourteenth century. The sharpness of the mouldings is even now remarkable. Bishop Leslie, the historian, the last Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross, lost his See for his devotion to Queen Mary. The castle, or palace, of the Bishops, was completely

destroyed by Cromwell; and the cathedral, after suffering in the same attack, was used as a quarry to build Cromwell's fort at Inverness.

As we draw near the close of our pleasant wanderings, O fellow pilgrim, I begin to realize how much there is still with which I should like to show you. And chiefly, perhaps, Whithorn or Whithorne, in the far south-west, where St. Ninian, the earliest apostle to the rude tribes of North Britain, built his "Casa Candida," and the old gothic church of Haddington, which, according to Fordun, was called the "Lamp of Lothian," on account of its splendour. Monastic buildings unconnected with cathedrals—with the exception of the four great abbeys in the valley of the Tweed—we have scarcely glanced at; the smaller ancient churches we have not so much as named. At Thurso, the town in Caithness from which we sailed on our Orendian quest, there is a little roofless church, dedicated to St. Peter, which may serve as a type of many scattered throughout the land. Its cruciform shape and pointed windows are the sole guide the archæologist has to the date of its building; for the records and traditions of the place are alike silent on the subject. It is hemmed in by the houses of the rough fisher people, and the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" crowd to overflowing its little cemetery. I remember it with crumbling walls and broken, moss-grown gables, and it was then so much more venerable-looking and beautiful, one is tempted to wish that the repairers, in their laudable work, had preserved a little of the picturesque irregularity. Within the walls one dear to some of us was laid long, long ago; and we wade through rank grass and clamber over broken gravestones, and with difficulty turn the rusty key in the rusty lock. The hard grey tablet in the wall keeps faithfully its record; the mound is cared for, we see at a glance, though the grass is not green, but brown—so wild is the spot. The waves that used to sing us to

sleep are thundering still on the beach—in the great storm-tides they flock the graves with foam. And overhead is the very sky we remember; the blue half hidden by piles upon piles of snowy clouds—the same that shaped themselves to our dreams when, in the long summer days, we lay on the green slopes of a high-walled garden not far away; a garden sacred to sweet old-fashioned blossoms and fragrant with the breath of wall-flowers. All seems the same but ourselves—ourselves and our life-time of cares.

And suddenly, as we stand by the grave—with bursting hearts, but speechless, tea-less—a boy outside the walls begins to whistle as he passes. It is a song without words, but well our memory can supply them:

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,  
From whence doth come mine aid;  
My safety cometh from the Lord,  
Who heaven and earth hath made."

And lo! the years roll back; and it is the voice of the sleeper—the minister's wife, the gentle mistress of the Manse—that we hear. What a healthful, happy life was that we lived within the old grey house by the sea! How golden were the days begun and ended with the minister's prayer and the minister's wife's kiss? How safe and warm the nights! Of all the memories of our lives these are the strongest and the dearest, and they shall keep us from harsh judgment now in summing up our wanderings.

Poor Scots should we be had we felt no pride as these sanctuaries—beautiful even in their ruins—have risen before us; poorer yet if, because they are ruins, we had felt no shame. "For it was not an open enemy that hath done this dishonour," has been the cry of our hearts, "for then I could have borne it." It was Scotsmen—there is the bitterness of it! and Scotsmen acting in the name of religion, and (some of them, at least) believing they were doing God service. Everywhere it has been the same cry: "The Reformers!" "The Reformers!" "The Reformers!" It is easy to do homage to the martyrs of the Covenant, however widely our opinions may differ from ours; but these triumphant iconoclasts it is hard to forgive—so hard that there is danger of our being as unjust to them as they were to others.

\*Alexander Stewart, the illegitimate son of Robert II.—so-called from his ferocious disposition. With Elgin Cathedral he burned the towns of Elgin and Forres.

†Tradition states that the ship freighted with the lead sank in Aberdeen Bay.





ELGIN CATHEDRAL NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

Here is the picture that presents itself to my mind. A semi-barbarous country with a most corrupt Church; but corrupt largely because the State had seized its honours and offices, as provision for royal scions and favourites. A turbulent people, not taking kindly to the exactions of lords spiritual even in the palmy days when the church was supreme—as witness, for example, the tragic ends of the Bishops of Caithness and Orkney. Aspirations—such as the air of the world was thick with at that time—after larger breathing space: for the mind an “ampler ether,” for the soul a “diviner air.” And a rebellious movement—the vibration of that which was shaking other lands—against the ecclesiastical despotism that had replaced primitive truth with empty dogmatic formulæ and debasing superstition.

Let us give the Papacy its due. To it, as to a strong centralizing power, all Western Europe looked, when the barbarians of the North flocked into Italy and put an end to the Empire; and it was equal to the emergency. Never in the history of the world met such incongruous, contradictory elements as in the Rome of that day; yet the Church with marvellous power and skill assimilated them, and out of them created modern Europe. The history of the religion, the polity, the thought, even, of the Middle Ages, is all comprised in the history of the Roman Church.

But by the middle of the fifteenth century the glory of this ecclesiastical empire was past. Thought had ceased to be creative; polity had become Machiavellian intrigue; religion was not even a cloak for the sins of such men as Innocent VII. and Alexander VI., and the conclave that elected and the court that surrounded them. Here and there great saints did splendid service; and, in the world and in the cloister, many a holy life was lived. But the head and the heart of the system were diseased, and the world rebelled against it.

I think it is Heine that plays with the fancy that Leo X. was just as much a Protestant as Luther, but that his protestantism did not express itself in theses but in beautiful objects of art. Fancy aside, the ruling passion of Leo expresses the limitations of the movement in Italy. It began and ended in the realm of thought, and the result was the Renaissance. As it travelled northward, and reached graver, more earnest people, it passed from the domain of thought into that of religion—taking shape in the Reformation. And still later, among the practical Anglo-Saxons, it passed from religion to politics—its outcome being the Revolution.

Amid the chaos of contending elements that marked the religious phase of the movement in

Scotland, a few figures stand out with startling distinctness, and above all others those of Queen Mary and John Knox. Surely never went prejudice further than in painting the character of Mary as her enemies have painted it. Brought up at the most corrupt court in Europe, and by those to whom, literally, language was “a means for concealing thought,” she brought to Scotland, with the dignity of a queen, the open heart and unaffected manners of girlhood. Her life, as she ordered it on assuming the government of her own country, seems worthy of all praise. We hear of her reading Livy daily with Buchanan, sitting in Council with her nobles, and entertaining the envoys of foreign princes. With the easy manners of her race, she was always accessible to her people; accepting the hospitalities of the wealthier citizens, and having “for the poorest a ready smile and a pleasant word.” Free outdoor life with hawk and hound was dearer to her than the ceremonial state of palaces. The interest taken by her in her people is shown by the fact that during the four years prior to her marriage she visited every part of her kingdom south of the Firth of Cromarty. Her generosity was unbounded; and her moderation in religious matters so great, that she refused to re-establish the Roman Catholic ritual by force, and begged only for liberty of conscience.

Of all the enemies of the youthful queen, Knox seems to me the most worthy of respect, because the ends at which he was aiming were not selfish ends. Every one of them except the Reformer had some personal ambition to serve; and some wrought by open ruffianly violence, and others by smooth-faced duplicity. Knox himself was coarse, arrogant, violent; but he was absolutely sincere.

He was a man, we cannot doubt, on whom the debased condition of the Church had made a profound impression; and who felt himself commissioned to preach not only of sin and of righteousness, but, above all, of judgment. He had entered, he believed, into the counsels of the Most High, and been divinely ordained to execute His will. A reform *within* the Church—such as was carried out in England, and such as Martland of Lettington and others would gladly have seen carried out in Scotland—was to him no reform at all. Apostolic succession, historical continuity, were nothing to him. The old was to be destroyed, root and branch, and he himself was to found the Church of Christ anew.

And the foundations of this Church, like those of the Druids, were to be laid in blood. How Knox revelled in biblical scenes of carnage wrought in the service of God! The Old Testament—as interpreted by himself—was his *vade mecum*. The slaying of Agag by Samuel, and of the prophets of Baal by Elijah, were texts for the sermon he was never weary of preaching—that “the idolater must die the death”; while without hesitation he identified as that idolater the priest of Rome. For woman's weakness he had no chivalrous tenderness, but rather a rude contempt; and it was unbearable to him that Mary should be permitted to practice, or even to profess, the “idolatry” he was bent upon extirpating. The Queen, on the other hand, “brought up in joyousitie,” as she pathetically reminded her persecutors, must have found little to attract her in a religion that seemed to make her chief business in life the listening to long sermons, wherein her authority was set at defiance, and resistance to a “wicked ruler” taught as the plainest duty of the subject. In Scotland, as well as in England, “new presbyter was but old priest writ large.”

We shudder at the apparent blood-thirstiness of Knox's teachings. We revolt against his assumption: “We are the only part of your people that truly fear God.” We see all the inconsistency of his arguments. The people of God, if in a minority, must have their right to liberty of conscience respected by the idolatrous majority; but, if in a majority, must arise and execute God's vengeance on the idolatrous minority. And we marvel at, as much as we lament, the narrow-mindedness that doomed, and the ruthlessness that destroyed, the sanctuaries which piety had reared and consecrated.



ELGIN CATHEDRAL, TRANSEPT AND WEST TOWERS.



But after all is said against the Reformer, it is impossible not to respect him. And it is unjust to accentuate his part in the destruction of these sacred places, and minimise that of those whose misdeeds had rendered such destruction possible.

It is somewhat the fashion of our day to denounce the Scottish Reformation, as much as it was formerly the fashion to glorify it; to claim that it neither purified the morals, nor refined the manners of the people, and that its influence upon their intellectual life has been "distinctly disastrous." I wish with all my heart it had been conducted on the lines of the English Reformation; but considering the condition of Scotland—both in regard to Church and State—at the time, I can readily understand how it was not. The imputation on morals has been often, and, I think, satisfactorily answered. As to intellectual life, I am proud to believe that Scotland compares fairly well, and has always so compared, with other countries—not only, or mainly, in producing great literary men, but in the high mental tone of home life; and not least among those of the older school, who followed strictly the Knoxian traditions. In that old manse by the sea, to which, perhaps, I have a weakness for referring, there dwelt a minister of this sort—a man who feared God, and followed righteousness; and executed justice with equal impartiality on his congregation and in his family, with church discipline and with the tawse. The loudest promises of amendment never won the remission of a single stripe; but the moment Law was satisfied, Gospel stepped in and granted forgiveness so lovingly, that the offender never bore a grudge. Well, this minister of sound mind, and keen wit, and reverent faith, sincerely believed with the early Scottish Reformers that the Pope was Antichrist, and was fond of quoting Knox's saying—when the iconoclastic frenzy was upon him—that the nests must be pulled down to keep the rooks from coming back. We can smile nowadays at the one fancy and deplore the other. What we must not forget is that both have existed in minds that were neither narrow or morbid.

The puritan element is not a picturesque one, in song or story. It is not seen in the dim religious light of "painted windows, cobwebbed o'er," or veiled by clouds of incense. It has no grand processions, no gorgeous vestments, no sensuous music, no attractive ritual. But it is the foundation, I verily believe, of much that is best in both English and Scottish character; it is the "staying" power, both in the old world and in the new. Looked at with critical, unsympathetic eyes, it is like one of the bald, unlovely meeting-houses it once affected. I remember such a church—a perfect nightmare of ugliness—and how, after listening to just sufficient of the sermon to secure the necessary "notes" that were called for on Sunday evenings as regularly as the Shorter Catechism, I used to let my imagination wander after the stained glass I had never seen and the golden-mouthed choirs I had never heard. But, one happy day, my seat was changed to where I had an outlook of a landscape which even now seems to me as fair as any that, in long years of wanderings, I have ever seen. And what a change the outlook made! When the minister said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," I lifted up mine to our own blue mountains. When he spoke of the Good Shepherd, I looked from the "pastures green" without, to the shepherds within—the kindly men with rugged, patient faces, plaids about them, bonnet and staff in hand, their dogs waiting at the church door. When he read, "Deep calleth unto deep," I listened, and heard the waves falling on the shore. And when, in the summer evenings, he pictured that new Jerusalem that shall be builded out of Heaven to God, I saw in the western sky the jasper, sapphire, and chalcedony of its gates, and watched, slowly settling down upon land and sea, the purple, the crowning glory of the whole—"the twelfth, an amethyst." And so, it seems to me, could we enter into the puritan's spirit, and see with the eyes of his soul, we should scarce miss the accessories of worship, no matter how beautiful and helpful, in our larger, clearer vision of Him who is worship's object and end.

A. M. MACLEOD.

[THE END.]



LT.-COL. BOG, Commanding 16th Batt., C.M.  
Organiser of Ladies' Infantry Drill Co.

### Ladies Infantry Drill Company. Picton, Ont.

See page 537.

We have pleasure in presenting herewith views of a novel and very interesting entertainment recently afforded to the residents of Picton, Ont. It consisted of the appearance and drill of a number of the most popular young ladies of the town, who had been formed into a military company *pro tem* by Lieut.-Col. Bog, the energetic commander of the 16th Battalion, and whose portrait is also herewith given. We quote details of the event from a local newspaper, the *Times*, which said:—

"The ladies' infantry drill company's entertainment on Tuesday evening was a complete success in every respect. The programme was gotten up under the supervision of Col. Bog, and to his indefatigable zeal is due the unbounded success of the event. The occasion was evidently anxiously anticipated by the public, the sale of reserved seats being unusually large. There was a crowded house and a better satisfied audience never left the hall. The manoeuvres of the ladies' infantry drill company were executed with astonishing precision and speak volumes for the patient training by Col. Bog and the aptitude of the young ladies. The tableau of the roll call was put on admirably. Cheers for the Queen and for Col. Bog were one of the surprises. They were given with a volume and heartiness that showed the most enthusiastic admiration.

"The members of the company are Misses Madeline Alcorn, Lilla Chadd, Bessie Caldwell, Birdie Carter, Blanche Hargrove, Hattie Hopkins, Grace Loucks, Rose Millard, Emily Prayn, Agnes Ringer, Catherine Tait, H. Welbanks, Louisa Welbanks, E. Widdifield, Annie Ward, Katie Wilcox, E. Welsh and Lena Martin.

"Bugler Harris gave the bugle calls. The 16th Battalion band furnished suitable music. The literary and musical part of the entertainment partook of the martial nature of the occasion and was brilliantly rendered. Recitations were given by Miss Jackson; songs by J. Redmond, jr., Mrs. Van Amburgh, Miss Kirby, the Van Amburgh boys, and Major McDonnell; violin solo by Miss Mabel Pater-son; cornet solo by Earle Van Amburgh. Miss Stella Fralick played the piano accompaniments."

The affair proved such a success that it had to be repeated a few days later. Both entertainments were under the auspices of the "Willing Workers" of the Church of England, Picton.

### The Poquiock, near Woodstock, N.B.

The Poquiock is a gorge or ravine rent by some wild convulsion of nature in a mountain of solid granite, through which the outlet of Lake George, a stream nearly 18 miles long, madly rushes into the St. John river, plunging over a precipice of 40 or 50 feet, and thence by a rapid descent through a chasm almost a quarter of a mile in length. It is situated in the parish of Dumfries, York Co., about three miles above the Square Corner, where the St. John makes at "the Barony," and about four below the Meductic Falls. Its sides are of full 75 feet perpendicular height, and if brought together would fit as closely as the parts of an old-time in-

denture. The bridge is only 24 feet in length and rests on solid rocks approaching within 17 feet of each other. Tradition states that once an Indian, who had stolen an ox from an early settler, escaped from the sheriff and his posse by a bold leap across the roaring chasm. The stream affords excellent trout fishing—particularly near Lake George—around which are valuable antimony mines. The best view is to be had from some natural steps or tables of rock below the bridge. One beetling cliff is scarred and seamed and stained by the elemental war, but over the other kind nature has cast a delicate mantle of shrubbery and fern.

### Nehilakin.

IV.

THE MANITOU'S GARDEN.

Now rode he on, all darkling for a space,  
Bough-buried, where some monarchs of the grove  
Loomed starward in columnar majesty,  
Thick branched a-top; then out into the light  
And efflorescence soft of flake and star.  
Lo! an enchanted region, magic made,  
With witchery hung, and lenced with glamorie,  
Enticing with its charm Nehilakin.  
A solitary fir, immantled white,  
Girt with a luminous circle, met his gaze;  
Its golden ridge seemed heaped up from the snow,  
And in the ring a sportive galaxy  
Of winged children ran the rosy round,  
Like insects in the sun, with silent glee;  
Around the bole, and round and round, they went,  
And soundless wove a silken harmony.

There cedar-rimmed, a clear-pav'd pigmy lake  
Gave its enamelled bosom to the feet  
Of the moon-people, moving mazily  
From shore to shore, a glimmering gauze of gold.  
The beauteous wonder held Nehilakin  
Enraptured at the portal of the grove.  
He looked upon the Manitou's fair garden,  
In all its chastity of winter-bloom;  
Feasting the poet's beauty-famished eyes,  
That hunger more, the more that they are fed  
On forms of insubstantial loveliness.  
Never seemed infancy so fair, and never  
Appeared on earth such matchless maidenhood,  
The fairest daughters of his race discerning.  
Their harp and censer, from its robes a pine  
Shook out perfume and music, on the snow  
Weaving its threads of ebony and of silver.  
Midmost its branches sat a minstrel-gnome;  
And as his elfin minstrelsy down-floated,  
The guileless wantons flung their arms aloft,  
Made live their flowing gowns, and all their tresses;  
Like flowers, with hands of purest shapeliness,  
They gathered one another; then they rushed,  
As if they chased enchantment from the lake,  
And swept them round and round the haunted shore  
Like bees, with most melodious interchange;  
And then they marched in single file along,  
In statelihood, timed to majestic strain  
Half solemnly; then, of a sudden parted,  
Or cluster'd closer, or devolved again.

On the lake's eastern shore, an ice-bound elm—  
After the sun eve's softer chandelier—  
Moon-touch'd, made canopy of diamond brilliance,  
With shadow tapering all along the snow.  
That was the shrine of a most lovely form,  
And worshipful, in Orphic stateliness,  
For all that fairy-peopled wilderness.  
His gemmy robe brushed o'er a spruce shrub  
That caught its skirt, as toward his place he moved,  
From its green needles shook a silver dust  
That sifted down and shimmered as it fell.  
He stood th' informing genius of the scene,  
While all consenting moved to his decree,  
As ocean sways to the magnetic moon.

Forth from the grove the wondering hunter rode,  
And drew his rein beside the vocal pine,  
Whose burnish'd needles tasselled far aloof,  
Roofed in the elfin harper, busied still  
With his unutterable minstrelsy.  
The warrior-rage had vanished from his blood,  
While gazing at that lofty-haloed brow,  
And at those radiant feet,—himself forgetting,  
Awe'd, deeming that he saw the Manitou;  
Till, at a sudden neighing of Suppelma,  
And while her voice the cluster'd cedars shook,  
The pageant vanish'd, and no more was seen;  
No shining genius stood beneath the elm;  
No elvish children circled round the fir;  
No light moon-people sported on the lake;  
But glamorie had tamed Nehilakin,  
And half the fierceness of his heart was gone.

—ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Poet.—I have a poem on spring.

Editor.—Any blue birds in it?

"A few."

"Babbling brooklets, gentle zephyrs, laughing fountains, etc.?"

"Ye—yes, sir."

"Fifty cents a line."—*Wilkesbarre Record*.





## CHUCKED!

LA BELLE FRANCE.—Excuse me, Mr. Bull, this belongs to you.  
JOHN BULL.—Don't apologize, my dear; but I wish you'd find some other place to throw it.—From *Judy*.



## The Sagamore

“Mr. Paul,” said the reporter, “it has been intimated to me that you are thinking of visiting the Grand Llama.”

“Ah-hah,” assented the sagamore.

“You will have a pleasant time, no doubt,” said the reporter.

“Ah-hah.”

“You will assure his Llameness of the continued fidelity of the Milicetes to the faith of their fathers.”

“Ah-hah.”

“Perhaps some honour will be conferred upon you.”

“Mebbe.”

“You might be made a Knight of the Order of the Holy Huckleberry, for instance.”

“Ah-hah.”

“Or a member of the Sacred Nobility of Lunkheads.”

“Mebbe.”

“You might even be honoured with the rare distinction of being made a Most Potent Walloper of the Sacred Feather Bed.”

“Ah-hah.”

“Or an Eminent Chevalier of the Gracious Gang of Hop-toads.”

“Ah-hah.”

“What a feather that would be in your cap!” exclaimed the reporter.

The sagamore winked and nodded.

“Do you think you deserve such signal distinction?” queried the reporter.

“If he says so,” replied the sagamore.

“If who says so—the Grand Llama?”

“Ah-hah.”

“What does the Grand Llama know about you? Will you tell him all the little contemptible tricks you have at various times resorted to in order to be re-elected chief of the Milicetes? Will you tell him that the unfortunate Milicetes will have to whack up the cost of your junketing tour in search of these high sounding titles?”

“S’pose I’m heap fool?” curtly rejoined Mr. Paul.

“There will be a heap fool somewhere,” said the reporter with a shrug, “if anybody loads your carcass with decorations. The apotheosis of Humbug would be a fitting after-piece to such a prelude. Do you know what that means?”

“It means you think I’m old humbug—eh?”

“Yes, it means that—sure.”

“That’s all right,” complacently observed Mr. Paul.

“Humbug makes big pay in this country.”

“I should think,” said the reporter, “that a man of your age would stand on higher ground than that.”

“If you see little boy brought up among thieves,” observed Mr. Paul, “you look to see him steal too.”

“Well,” said the reporter, “and what has that to do with this matter?”

“I been brought up among white men,” answered Mr. Paul. “That makes me humbug too.”

The logic of this was conclusive, and the reporter hung his head and went away. If the press should announce presently that Mr. Louis Paul, sagamore of the Milicetes, has had the high honour conferred upon him of being made a King of the Rooster by the Grand Llama, the responsibility must not be laid at the door of Milicete philosophy or precedent. Such an event would be a paleface dodge, pure and simple.

## Stray Notes.

Couldn’t see the Point—Humorist: Hereafter I want fifty cents for each joke instead of twenty-five.

Editor—We have no further use for y u; you’re getting too funny.—*Epoch*.

Too Much So—“Did you read my last article?” said one writer to another.

“Don’t you think it was a pretty exhaustive review of the subject?”

“I found it so.”—*Washington Post*.

Politician (angrily)—These newspapers tell abominable lies about me.

Friend—And yet they might do worse.

Politician—Do worse! What do you mean?

Friend—They might tell the truth.—*Kate Field’s Washington*.